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JOHN FREEMAN
The Captive Viewer

★

PAUL JOHNSON
What Happened in Paris

★

W. JOHN MORGAN
Little Piccadillies

★

V. S. PRITCHETT
on Gertrude Stein

★

MICHAEL AYRTON
on Sickert

★

LEONARD WOOLF
History & Commonsense

Comments on the Week's News .. 774
What Happened in Paris. P. Johnson 777
Little Piccadillies. W. John Morgan 778
London Diary. Critic 779
This England 780
Albatross's Curse. Ritchie Calder .. 780
The Captive Viewer. John Freeman 782

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Reyner Banham, David Drew, David Sylvester, A. Alvarez, William Whitebait 784
Correspondence 790
Books in General:
The Supreme Consultant. Michael Howard 793
Poem. Norman MacCaig 794

REVIEWS

David Marquand, V. S. Pritchett, Michael Ayrton, Leonard Woolf, Charles Causley, J. P. W. Mallalieu, Paul West, Annabel Farjeon .. 794

Week-end Competitions 801
City Lights. Taurus 802

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'Apologise!'

Comments on the Week's News

U-2: Albatross or Boomerang?

Although American public opinion has generally accepted the view that Mr Krushchev deliberately wrecked the Summit, the Administration will not escape its share of blame. Congress has already begun a full inquiry, and in an election year the Democrats could not have been handed a more potentially lethal instrument. Senator Kennedy is already pursuing the line that he would never have dispatched the U-2, but that if an error of this magnitude had been committed, he would have felt bound to apologise – and so save the Summit. In varying degrees, other leading Democrats are lining up behind this position. But for the present they are moving circumspectly. The whole Summit incident, as they well know, could easily boomerang, and there are signs that a section of the Republican Party may seek to turn the tide by reviving an anti-Red scare and stampeding middle-of-the-road opinion into a 'My Country Right or Wrong' mood, from which they would benefit. Certainly, Mr Nixon, whose candidacy is now inevitably compromised with the fortunes of the Administration, may find it expedient to revert to his earlier role as a rabid Red-baiter. At this stage, not even the professional politicians know which way the public will turn when the campaign hots up. But an interesting straw in the wind is the tentative emergence of Governor Rockefeller as a critic of the Administration. If the U-2 proves to be a major Republican liability, the party bosses could conceivably turn to him even at this late hour as a more acceptable candidate than Nixon.

Heil Adenauer!

The German gold reserve has risen above 6,000m dollars. German exports jumped by more than a quarter last year and the surplus in current account is well above an annual rate of 1,000m dollars. German long-term investment in foreign companies is increasing by leaps and bounds and is likely to establish her dominance in the Common Market. Fearful of the growing pressure of trade unions – unemployment has fallen well below the British level – the German bankers are redoubling their efforts to restrict credit and only achieve an accelerated inflow of gold. Nor is German expansion limited to the countries of the Common Market. Her exports to the Sterling Commonwealth have increased by ten per cent last year while ours fell by five. Our predominence is being menaced in the last area in which we held our own. The political implications of this upsurge of German power are clear. With the complete victory of the aged Chancellor over the Social Democrat Opposition, and their acceptance of his negation of any compromise over Berlin and German reunification, only a strong Britain can keep the high tide of German nationalism in check. But Britain lacks the economic power to make her voice felt. Instead of trying to come to agreement with the French, who hope to coax the Common Market into common planning, the British government is placing its hopes on the German liberal industrialists, under Professor Erhard, reducing the Common Market tariffs. So long as British technical advance is as slow as at present, this policy, far from strengthening Britain, will further buttress the industrial and political predominance of Germany.

Turkey's Troubles

Events in Turkey are moving towards breaking-point. For nearly a month, martial law has been in force, at least in Istanbul and Ankara, and citizens have been subjected to a series of regulations – including curfew – which are turning ordinary life into a nightmare. The severity of the Menderes regime does not seem to have frightened his opponents. On the contrary, the riotous students have now been joined – as the events of last week-end showed – by other groups, including army cadets and some army officers. Menderes's response has merely been to tighten up the repressive emergency laws. This will not get him very far. As soon as they are relaxed, the demonstrations will start again; and so long as they are maintained, popular indignation will grow. There is now a risk, moreover, of violence on a Korean scale, for the government threatens, in future, to shoot demonstrators on sight. It is by no means sure that the army is prepared to obey such orders, and, though it has a reasonably good tradition of non-interference in politics, it may feel itself obliged to intervene, rather as General Chehab did in the Lebanon in 1958. Menderes's wisest course, obviously, is to announce a date for elections (the last were extremely suspect) and to give satisfactory guarantees that they will be honest. The American government, though far less influential in Turkey than in Korea, does control the purse-strings, and should certainly put pressure in that direction. For, thanks to the destructive economic policy of the Menderes regime, Turkey has been transformed from 'the West's most reliable ally' into a serious liability – and in an area where Mr. Krushchev, if he decides to leave Berlin alone for a while, may well stage his next probing operation.

Some Sense at Yarmouth

While Bros. Hugh Gaitskell and Sir Thomas Williamson were capturing the limelight at the General and Municipal Workers' conference with their annual summer manoeuvres, their chairman was making an important if less widely-applauded contribution to trade union thinking. Mr Cooper's first suggestion – that an independent arbitrating body should be established, US-style, to which a worker may appeal against dismissal – is an excellent one likely to infuriate employers. His second is even more interesting since it demonstrates a willingness to come to grips with the real, practical problems of unions in the sixties. Drawing attention to the fashion in which wages are increasingly fixed locally even while minimum rates are still negotiated on a national basis, he recognised that this was having two significant effects. On the one hand it removed regional officers from negotiation. On the other, it created disparity between wages in prosperous industries and the less prosperous. His proposals to counter these effects were these: trade union negotiations at local level must increase; and there must be more full-time officials. To take these steps more money was needed. And here, of course, is the crucial difficulty. Something like twice as many officers are needed, which as last week's TUC report made clear, no union can now afford. Members' contributions, which are smaller than those paid by US and German unions, will need to be increased. More officers would mean closer personal contact with workers and lead to a greater ability to control the wide variation in wages. It would also, of course, meet the problems posed by Trotskyites and others. This was the kind of thinking one hoped, without success, that the TUC strike inquiry would produce.

Nigeria's Golden Handshake

The official statement that Britain is to make available a Commonwealth Assistance loan of £12m to Nigeria on Independence Day repeats an announcement made over a year ago, and the sum named has already been incorporated in the Federation's current development budgets. What is not realised is the small ratio this loan bears to the total bill to be met. Nigeria's 1955 to 1962 development plan, embarked on with the Colonial Secretary's concurrence, envisages an expenditure of £340m, of which she expects to find over 80 per cent from her own local resources. Grants totalling £21m as well as £3m in loans have already been contributed by Britain under the Colonial Development and Welfare Act, a source which will be denied to Nigeria as soon as she loses her colonial status. But all the past and present aid from Britain now envisaged for the development plan constitutes little more than 10 per cent of the cost, and there is still a gap of £27m to be filled. Moreover the rate of interest charged by Britain for loans to the dependent and emergent territories is high for the purposes to which they are to be put. It is fixed at a fraction over the British Treasury's borrowing rate, and this can create difficulties for the countries which most need the money. In Nigeria's Northern Region, for example, debt service charges have leapt from £138,000 in 1957/58 to about £1m in 1960/61. Clearly she cannot stand much more, and this is the sort of situation which led to the recognition by the World Bank last year that in some of the needier countries the ratio of foreign debt service to export earnings had become so high as to bar them from further borrowing, whatever their needs might be. This deliberate British policy of exacting a high price for loan aid was enunciated by the government when the 1959 Colonial Development Welfare Act was debated. It was laid down then that Exchequer loans would be loans of 'last resort', and that the territories must first seek to establish their creditworthiness on the London market and pay its price. The same attitude has governed the issue of the Commonwealth Assistance loans. It is in complete contradiction with the recent decision of the member-countries of the World Bank to set up the International Development Association, to provide 'soft' loans at low interest or interest-free, precisely because the recipient territories cannot meet such high debt-service charges as Britain demands.

Nyerere's Courage

One of the most courageous speeches ever made by an African leader was that made last week by Mr Julius Nyerere, leader of the Tanganyika African National Union and of the elected members organisation, in the Legislative Council of Tanganyika. Nyerere is in the unique position of being accepted as political leader by Africans, Asians and Europeans

alike. He will almost certainly become Tanganyika's first Prime Minister later this year. The secret of the dominant position attained by this good-humoured, unassuming young man is revealed in his speech. He said simply that corruption is one of the elements, together with poverty, ignorance and disease, which the new Tanganyika government will have to combat when it comes under African majority control; and that corruption exists in the trade unions, co-operatives, political organisations, local government, and civil service. He promised that it would be treated as ruthlessly as if it were treason. His attack on corruption followed a previous denunciation of the continuing habit of presenting gifts to the tribal chiefs. It was followed by a bold defence of the unpopular practice of giving expatriate civil servants higher salaries than local officers in order to attract the right calibre to Tanganyika. This mixture of realism and moral courage in facing unpopularity, and a passionate desire to see Tanganyika both free and honestly governed, is the healthiest influence in African nationalism.

Keeping the Coast Clean

Efforts to prevent the building of oil refineries and atomic installations on Britain's coastline are occasionally successful; it is far more difficult, however, to keep the coast clean. Oil has long killed our birds and spoilt our bathing; we must make the new invention for preventing pollution compulsory on all ships. And, of course, that leaves the problem of sewage. Some beaches in Britain are disgusting. People at West Kirby on the south bank of the Dee complain that human excreta and contraceptives are commonly found together on the beach at low tide; swarms of children play unconcerned among this mess. In theory it should all be deposited in deep channels out in the river bed, from there to be washed out into the Irish sea. But this doesn't always happen. The local council has a new sewage scheme, but according to report, even this will not ensure that the waste is being properly treated before being sent out into the river. Not that the Dee is unique. It has been a long-standing joke in the Isle of Dogs that if you fall into the Thames there you die of typhus before you drown. Even in the palmy ways before the war the by-products of human excreta were worth about ten shillings per head per year. With the fall in the value of the pound it appears this figure is probably now nearer 30 shillings. This might be an incentive to tight-fisted councils and ratepayers to adopt the best possible sewage schemes.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Peking

Enemies of the People

A Student of the Chinese Press writes: Mr Chou En-lai lost no time in endorsing Mr Krushchev's stand in Paris. According to the New China News Agency account of a speech he made to a delegation of the Algerian 'provisional government', he 'sternly condemned the shameless manoeuvre of American imperialism in deliberately sabotaging the Summit conference and now attempting to shift its responsibility on to the Soviet Union . . . whilst America masqueraded for peace, it never stopped its frenzied activities for arms expansion and war preparations'.

For the past six months, whilst the Soviet press was extolling the virtues of co-existence, the Chinese press has treated America as Enemy No. 1. *Hung-ch'i* (Red Flag), of which the seventh issue has just come off the press, has outshone other newspapers in violent dogma. 'US imperialism', one issue wrote, 'the deadliest enemy of world peace, is busily building up, both in the east and the west, two war bases, greatly endangering world peace. In the west, US imperialism is intensifying its efforts to rearm West Germany and to restore its militarism . . . the US has upheld and is still clinging to the policy of keeping Germany divided . . . In the east, US imperialism has openly included Japan in its scheme of military aggression and its system of atomic strategy'.

Meanwhile, with solemn regularity, a spokesman of the Chinese Foreign Ministry announces that he has been authorised to issue a 'serious warning in relation to the military provocation' by a US military plane. The last one – carried by most newspapers – was on 28 April. This was the 94th such warning, and this time it referred to a US patrol plane which 'intruded into China's territorial air space over Yungsing and Shih Islands, Kwangtung province, between 12.03 and 12.13 hours' that same day.

The 90th anniversary of Lenin's birth was made the occasion of a 12,000 word statement by the editorial department of *Red Flag*. 'Whichever way you look at it,' these party spokesmen said, 'none of the new techniques like atomic energy, rocketry and so on has changed the basic characteristic of the epoch of imperialism and proletarian revolution pointed out by Lenin, as alleged by the modern revisionists. The capitalist-imperialist system absolutely will not crumble of itself. It will be pushed over by the proletarian revolution within the imperialist country concerned, and the national revolution in the colonial and semi-colonial countries . . . The modern revisionists, proceeding from their absurd dictum on the current world situation and from their absurd dictum that the Marxist-Leninist theory of class analysis is obsolete, attempt to overthrow totally the fundamental theories of Marxism-Leninism on a series of questions like violence, war, peaceful co-existence etc.' The argument is then made that imperialists are compelled to 'coexist' with Socialist countries for a period, and Soviet-German relations between 1920-1940 are quoted by way of example. Subsequently, 'owing to victory in the anti-Fascist war, with the great Soviet Union as the main force, the world saw once again a situation of peaceful coexistence between Socialist and capitalist countries. Nevertheless, the imperialists have not given up their designs. The US imperialists have set up networks of military bases and guided missile bases everywhere around the Soviet Union and the entire Socialist camp. They are still occupying our territory of Taiwan and continually carrying out military provocations against us in the Taiwan Straits'. On this analysis – published in April – the U-2 'spy-flight' was only an incident in imperialist strategy.

Internally the principal enemy at the moment is the modern revisionist, with special reference to the influence of Titoism. Revisionists are described as the 'painters of an utterly distorted picture of the contemporary world' seeking 'to benumb the revolutionary will of the people by empty talk about peaceful transition . . . Peace in their mouths is intended to whitewash the war preparations of the imperialists . . . to distort our Communist policy concerning peaceful coexistence between countries of two different systems into elimination of the people's revolution in various countries'. Maoism is increasingly described in the Chinese press as the milk-white gospel of Marx and Lenin. 'Be a good youth of the Mao Tse-tung era' was the title of an article in *Chung-kuo Ch'ing-nien*, which urged young Chinese 'to arm their minds with the works of Chairman Mao'. Writers are urged to study Maoism. Tang Su-shi in the *Jen-wen Ko-hsueh Hsueh-pao* (Humanity Science Bulletin) describes Mao as 'not only a great thinker, statesman and strategist but also a literary giant . . . By coordinating Marxism with the conditions of China in linguistic theory and practice, he creates and develops the new Marxist literary style'.

No wonder there is a boom in Mao Tse-tung's works. In the first 20 days of this year in Shansi province alone, the Hsin Hua Book store distributed 300,000 volumes of his selected works and nearly two million copies were ordered. Stalin also is still a best seller; in the ten years, ending August 1959, 72 of his books were published in China, and 15,584,000 copies printed.

Baghdad

The Communist Decline

Our Middle Eastern Correspondent writes: There can now be little doubt that the chances of a Communist take-over in Iraq have declined sharply in the past month. A number of factors have contributed of which not the least powerful has been the increased courage and determination of the anti-Communist elements born of a real desperation in the face of growing Communist arrogance. Particular resentment was caused by the Communists' claim to be the only true Iraqi patriots. Another factor has been Kassem's ingenious, and so far successful, manœuvre of splitting the Communists by instructing his Minister of Interior to license as a political party the group led by Daoud Sayigh, and to refuse any license for the more powerful, militant and more representative group centred around the Baghdad Communists organ *Ittihad al-Shaab*. Daoud Sayigh, who is a personal friend of Kassem, is regarded as such a mild Communist as to be harmless. Many Iraqis say that he is no longer a Communist at all and to have him as head of the official Iraqi Communist Party is an achievement.

The anti-Communists have scored certain remarkable successes. The first was the removal last February of Dr Ibrahim Kubbah from his posts of Minister of Agricultural Reform and Acting Minister of Oil Affairs. No official reason was given for his sacking but he was known to be close to the *Ittihad al-Shaab* group. Since his fall, the National Democrat press, and particular *al-Thawrah*, which is known to express many of Kassem's own views, has been making detailed accusation against him of corruption. The same paper has launched into Abdul Fattah al-Ibrahim, Director of the Iraqi General Petroleum Commission (who is incidentally respon-

sible for negotiations with the Iraq Petroleum Company). The constant theme of the attacks is that he has used funds earmarked for the oil industry to help his Communist friends (who are always referred to as 'anarchists' in Iraq by their opponents).

Kassem's attitude, as always, is ambiguous, but he clearly believes he can and must prevent the country from splitting apart by himself remaining the 'sole leader' above and outside the struggle, capable of imposing unity on the country, by force if necessary. At present he relies largely on exhortation, which appears to retain a certain moral force. He recently chose the occasion of a conference of the Iraqi Journalists' Association to deal the whole Iraqi press a severe reprimand for helping to divide the country against itself. The President of the Association, the Communist writer Jawhari, accepted the rebuke on behalf of the journalists with almost embarrassing humility, referring to Kassem as the 'angry lion' for whom the Iraqi press would undertake to purge itself.

Everyone testifies to the improved atmosphere in Baghdad. Army officers are no longer in dread of their men and NCOs, teachers are less terrified of their students and businessmen are slightly more optimistic. The key to the situation in the capital is a single battalion of troops, formerly Kassem's own unit, which deals with all trouble with fierce impartiality. But the improved surface conditions conceal a frighteningly deep division in the country. Suburbs, and even different ends of single streets, are almost self-contained political units. In general, the *sarifa* (or slum) dwellers are pro-Communist. Anyone who has seen how they live will understand why. The middle classes are generally 'nationalist', and in their areas one can listen to Cairo Radio – elsewhere it would be unwise to do so. Another disturbing feature is that, in the minds of many Iraqis, the massacres which took place in Mosul after the Shawwaf revolt in February last year and in Kirkuk last July, are associated with the Christians and the Kurds, that is Iraq's chief religious and racial minorities. (In fact many of the leading Communists are Christians.) If the many Iraqis who are waiting to take their revenge ever get their chance, the position of these minorities would be perilous. The Kurds, who form about one quarter of the population, are no doubt capable of taking care of themselves, but the Christians, particularly the 40,000 Assyrians, know what it is to be scapegoats. Cyclostyled copies of a *fatwa* issued by the leading sheikh of the Shiite Muslim holy city of Nejev were recently distributed throughout Baghdad. (It was forbidden to publish it in the press.) The *fatwa* was in the form of a reply to a written question from an Iraqi asking whether it was possible to be a Muslim and also a member of the Communist Party. The answer was 'no'. Inevitably the Iraqi middle classes now see Islam as a protection and it is said that some who had become so lax in their religious duties as almost to have forgotten what they were, conscientiously fasted throughout Ramadan this year.

Westminster

Four Wise Men

Four men, Mr George Brown, Mr Harold Wilson, Mr R. H. S. Crossman and Mr George Wigg, helped behind the scenes by several others, have just performed a great service to the Parliamentary Labour Party and, through it, to the whole Labour movement. The party, shaken and dispirited by the wantonly produced conflict about Clause Four, was ready only two months ago to tear itself to pieces over defence policy. Both the pacifists and the non-pacifist unilateral nuclear disarmers (who, in this context, included Messrs Wigg and Crossman) were unable to accept the idea, pressed by Mr Hugh Gaitskell and a few close colleagues, that Britain should try to maintain an independent nuclear deterrent, and Gaitskell, for his part, seemed unwilling even to try for any basis of compromise.

Even before the collapse of the Blue Streak project, Brown and Wilson, with their acuter political brains, had seen the dangers and had begun, perhaps without great hope, to sound opinion in the party and to see whether a basis for possible agreement existed or could be produced. When the government, by announcing the collapse of Blue Streak, showed that Britain's attempt to maintain an independent deterrent was doomed, their efforts became both more strenuous and more hopeful. They knew that it was hopeless to expect agreement with the pacifists or with those nuclear disarmers who reject any reliance even on American nuclear weapons. They suspected that it would be difficult to reach agreement with those who, despite Blue Streak, insisted that Britain must continue to search for a nuclear deterrent of her own. But, now that the overwhelming majority of the party, for one reason or another grasped that a purely British deterrent was impractical, Brown and Wilson believed that other groups could be brought together.

Naturally they turned to Wigg and Crossman, who for many years have done serious homework about defence policy without acquiring the rigidity of mind which sometimes afflicts experts. These two had seen, long before the government, that Blue Streak would fail and had been adapting their views to meet that situation, a process which led to Crossman's dismissal from the front bench. Now that the facts had forced him to abandon his stand for an independent deterrent, Brown found himself in considerable agreement with Crossman and Wigg. Discussions now took place in ever widening circles and, of course, met difficulties. The non-pacifist unilateralists do not like the continued existence of American nuclear bases in Britain or of American tactical nuclear weapons in Nato. But such was the real desire to reach a basis of agreement, that there seemed a good chance of finding a way out. After all, it was likely that with the development of rocketry, American bases here would be obsolete long before Labour became the government. Further it might be possible both to confine Nato tactical nuclear weapons exclusively to American troops, as some are confined at present, and to ensure that control over their use is taken from the military and placed in joint political hands.

Discussion had reached this stage when suddenly it was all but wrecked by a proposal that in place of Britain's independent deterrent, Labour should now advocate a joint western European deterrent, a proposal adumbrated by Gaitskell himself. Not only was this unacceptable to the non-pacifist unilateralists, but it aroused others who, neither pacifists nor unilateralists, cannot accept the idea of Germany's having any part either in the manufacture or in the use of such weapons. Once again it looked as if the party would split.

Happily, towards the end of last week, Gaitskell and his advisers did some rethinking and decided that they could accept the Brown-Wilson-Crossman-Wigg line. Indeed they made a valuable contribution to it by underlining the need for political control in Nato. So at this week's meeting, the Parliamentary Party was able to heave an enormous, if somewhat provisional, sigh of relief. Much of course will depend on the gloss which is put on the various headings of agreement – and here one trembles slightly at the thought of the next round of week-end speeches. Much, too, depends on the extent to which latter-day kite fliers such as Mr Alfred Robens and Mr Woodrow Wyatt can be persuaded to direct their attention to the Tories and away from Labour's constitution. But there is now a real chance of agreement at conference. For this their colleagues are showering congratulations on Brown, Wilson, Crossman and Wigg; and these four wise men no doubt were able to share an ironic smile when they read in the papers that the whole thing had been a triumph for the courage and political sagacity of their leader.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Second Thoughts on the Summit

What second thoughts on Mr Krushchev? The *Daily Mirror* which, when it does think, likes to think big – or at any rate in big type – devoted the equivalent of no less than 17 of its columns to asking itself this question on Tuesday. The main conclusion reached is not likely, however, to have come as much of a surprise to such of the *Mirror's* 14 million or so readers as had the stamina to go the whole way. It was that the *Mirror* had been right all along – Mr Krushchev *was* 'bloody rude'. Also this time, somewhat more surprisingly, that there can be no more Summits until Russian statesmen are 'ready to talk like diplomats' – an odd demand from the *Mirror* which has rarely in the past displayed much admiration for gentlemen in Foreign Offices. Most of the rest of the press has also been taking another look at Mr Krushchev since his visit to East Berlin. 'Crisis Postponed', the *Guardian* headed its leader, concluding that the Soviet leader 'has given the world a breathing space, but his motives are as obscure as ever'. In any event and whatever the explanation of Mr Krushchev's change of tone between Paris and Berlin, 'the western course', it decided, 'is clear: to stand together, to stay calm, and to keep the U-2s grounded'. Where the *Guardian* saw only obscurity *The Times* found light – or at any rate the hope of light. 'Mr Krushchev's speech in Berlin revealed much about the future course of Russian propaganda and a certain amount about future action'. Exactly what, however, it revealed, the leader-writer himself did not appear quite certain. A few more paragraphs, indeed, and he had reached the judgment that 'in a way Mr Krushchev's conciliatory speech makes the process of assessment all the harder'. However *The Times* agreed with the *Guardian* that what is most wanted from the West is 'calm and a closing of the ranks'. The *Telegraph's* view was that rank-closing should be first of all between Britain and western Europe, since 'American leadership during the past few weeks has been tested and found grievously wanting'.

In general most of the press is now opposed to taking too gloomy a view. Both the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times* were agreed

on Sunday that the events of the last week did not necessarily mean any great change in Soviet policy. Apart from the *Mirror*, with its desire for a diplomatic accent, most papers have been in favour of continuing talks whenever and however possible. 'Negotiations can and must go on', said the *Observer*. 'We must be prepared to talk whenever he wants to talk', declared the *Sunday Express*; and the *Daily Express* echoed its sentiments the next day. 'Despite the hot words both sides are still on speaking terms,' said the *Sunday Dispatch*. And *Reynolds News* went so far as to shout across the whole of its leader page: 'This "never forgive" and "get tough" talk is useless. Now is the time to tell Moscow: Let's fix NEW SUMMIT DATE.'

By Wednesday there was wide agreement that, whatever else Mr Krushchev may or may not have done, he had at any rate closed the ranks of the Labour Party and given Mr Gaitskell his first big break for months, as both the General and Municipal Workers and the Parliamentary Labour Party provided him with what the *Daily Mail* proclaimed to be 'A Double Defence Policy Trumpet' and the *Mirror* 'Two Big Victories for Gaitskell'. The *Guardian* announced 'Mr Gaitskell's Star In Ascendant' on its front page but its leading article was more cautious. 'The defence policy that will emerge from the Labour Party's conference in October remains', it judged, 'anyone's guess – as indeed does the influence that conference decisions will by then exert over the Parliamentary Party.' Mr Macmillan has not had it quite so good – at least from the American press where the New York *Herald Tribune* has been criticising him for being 'soft'. Patriotism required most of the British newspapers to stand behind him in face of this criticism. What, asked the *Daily Express*, which does not, from long habit, believe in editorial but only in proprietorial independence, does Mr Whitney, the US Ambassador here, intend to do about it? (Mr Whitney is not only Ambassador but also the absentee owner of the *Herald Tribune*.) But even the family feeling that British Prime Ministers should not be criticised by Americans cannot disguise the fairly general disquiet over the post-Paris state of Britain's relations both with America and Europe. 'The American handling of the U-2 incident,' said the *News Chronicle* summing this up, gave 'the Russian dictator not only a crowbar to wreck the Summit but the invaluable political weapon of Allied disunity'.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

What Happened in Paris

IN order to estimate the true significance of the diplomatic disaster which occurred in Paris last week, it is essential to understand exactly what happened, not only during the Summit meeting itself, but also in the weeks and months which preceded it. The following account is an attempt to place the Summit fiasco in its correct historical perspective and to resolve the apparent divergences between Mr Krushchev's long campaign for the meeting, his outbursts in Paris, and his conciliatory words in Berlin two days later.

It is becoming increasingly evident that the principal object of Soviet foreign policy in recent years has been, and remains, the removal of the 'anomaly' of West Berlin. What is meant by this, in physical terms, is not entirely clear. From the point of view of the Pankow regime, the chief objection to West Berlin is that it constitutes a visible oasis of apparent capitalist success in a desert of apparent Communist failure; their object is therefore to eliminate the economic differential between West Berlin and the rest of East Germany, and the only effective way they can do this is to secure political control over the western zones. The Soviet government may not have the same objectives; its immediate object, in fact, is rather different – to break the political and military link between West Berlin, an armed enclave behind Soviet lines, and the rearmed and (as they consider) aggressive regime in Federal Germany. This distinction is important, because it explains why Mr Krushchev is apparently prepared to settle for considerably less than Pankow, and thus make it possible for an agreed solution to emerge.

As a starting point, therefore, we must assume that Krushchev believed that he could arrange with the West a new statute for Berlin which stopped short at its total absorption in East Germany. I say we must assume this, because he cannot have imagined that a solution which went further could be negotiated; it could only have been imposed by force, at the risk of total war. He therefore began the Berlin crisis, in November 1958, offering the West Summit negotiations as an alternative to direct action. From the start, therefore, Berlin was the *raison d'être* of the Summit, and it is important to keep this before our minds, because otherwise Soviet Summit diplomacy does not make sense.

For a time, it did not look as though Mr Krushchev's policy stood any chance of succeeding. At the December 1958 meeting of Nato in Paris, the Allies reaffirmed in an uncompromising fashion their determination to maintain the status quo in Berlin until Germany could be reunified through free elections, and any idea of a Summit meeting was frowned upon. Then the tide began to flow in Krushchev's favour. First came Mr Macmillan's mission to Moscow – which convinced him that Krushchev was prepared to settle for a Berlin statute which would retain the city's freedom – and his pro-Summit tour of western Europe and the US. Then came the death of John Foster Dulles, and President Eisenhower's personal assumption of the direction of US foreign policy. At the Geneva foreign ministers' conference, the US moved appreciably nearer to the British position, and the announcement of the Eisenhower-Krushchev exchange of visits seemed to open an era of genuine détente. At Camp David, late in the summer, Mr Eisenhower convinced Mr Krushchev that he, like Macmillan, envisaged a negotiated settlement of the Berlin problem; and he confirmed this impression by referring at a subsequent press-conference to the need to resolve the 'anomaly' of Berlin – using Mr Krushchev's own phrase. At this point, it seems certain, Krushchev believed that a Summit would give him a good deal of what he wanted over Berlin.

But soon afterwards, the process of disillusionment set in. At the Nato meeting in December 1959, the western line on Berlin, under West German pressure, reverted to what it had been before the Geneva meeting. Indeed, the communiqué simply referred back to the uncompromising statement made in December 1958; and Dr Adenauer claimed this as proof that the Geneva conference was thereby rendered 'null and void'. There were other pointers. At the insistence of General de Gaulle, the Summit conference was postponed for six months, relegating it to a date at which Eisenhower's mandate would have only a few months to run. Back from Paris, Dr. Adenauer proclaimed Germany's historic mission to defend European civilisation from Eastern barbarism.

In April, when he visited Paris, Mr. Krushchev received further shocks. General de Gaulle made it clear that he envisaged no substantial concessions on Berlin. Mr Macmillan, he said, could speak only for himself. As for Eisenhower – of whom De Gaulle entertains the lowest possible opinion – he was merely the weak chairman of a chaotic coalition, with less than a year of power before it, which was incapable not only of committing its successor but even of effecting radical changes while still in office. Krushchev appears to have been deeply impressed by De Gaulle's view of the situation, and it may be that even at this stage he had already realised that he would get nothing on Berlin out of the Summit. Subsequent events confirmed what the General had told him. De Gaulle's own speeches at Washington and Ottawa, a measured statement by Mr Douglas Dillon, and reports of the uncompromising line taken in the Allied position papers drawn up at the Nato meeting in Istanbul, all made it clear that the 'Camp David spirit' was dead – if it had ever lived.

By the end of April, therefore, the *raison*

'Who's Pavlov?'

d'être of the Summit had disappeared. Krushchev had defended his Summit diplomacy to his critics by arguing that it was the one hope of securing a negotiated settlement in Berlin. Now that hope was buried. It was therefore logical to contract out of a conference which, from his point of view, could only be an occasion of failure. In his speech at Baku, therefore, he began to hint at the shape of things to come. But he still required a physical pretext to retire from the field without opening himself to the accusation that he had destroyed the diplomatic structure on which he had lavished so much labour. According to his own account, he had known about the U-2 flights as long ago as Camp David. He had not then thought it politic to mention them. But in this new context – when a smokescreen behind which to retire was required – they assumed great significance. We can well imagine the urgency of the orders he dispatched to his defence chiefs to destroy one of the planes before 16 May. In the event, he was doubly lucky. For he not only captured the pilot intact, and thus secured an impressive and irrefutably documented case against the US 'Summit saboteurs'; he also involved the US government in a labyrinth of lies and damaging admissions.

The U-2 incident, indeed, was so fortunate that it presented Krushchev with an alternative course of action. He could either use it to wreck the Summit, while blaming its destruction on others; or he could use it to secure such humiliating apologies from the US as to render the Summit – however abortive on Berlin – a diplomatic success for himself. In the first week of May, therefore, Krushchev gave no sign that he regarded the Summit as in jeopardy. On 6 May, Marshal Verchinin, Chief of Soviet Air Staff, confirmed that he would still be visiting the US. In public statements, Krushchev reaffirmed his confidence in Eisenhower's honesty, and paid compliments to Llewellyn Thompson, the US ambassador, at a Czech Embassy reception on the 9 May. Then, on 11 May, came the Herter statement, which asserted that the U-2 flights were deliberate policy, and the Eisenhower press-conference which sought to defend them on moral grounds. These, by deepening US guilt, automatically multiplied the concessions Krushchev would have to obtain if the conference were to take place. At the Gorki Park on Wednesday 11 May, therefore, Krushchev for the first time openly cast doubt on the Summit: 'I am going to Paris on Saturday, but if some people want to prevent a conference, we can do without it. The Soviet Union has existed for 40 years without a Summit, and it can exist for 100 more'.

Hence Krushchev arrived in Paris on 14 May with the means to escape from the Summit. But we must not assume that he was under compulsive instructions from his colleagues in Moscow, or that he was determined to wreck the meeting come what may – it was merely that his price had risen. On Sunday he made his first move. When he called on De Gaulle, he read out a prepared statement, posing his three conditions for participation (a US apology, a formal promise such flights would never again take place, and punishment of those directly responsible). Despite De Gaulle's protest, he left this document behind him, a gesture which the General interpreted as evidence that the Summit was already dead. But this was not Mr Macmillan's view, even after he received a visit from Krushchev which followed similar lines. He believed that Krushchev would settle for a cessation of flights, plus some form of apology; the conference could not now be a success, but it could at least part in amity and appoint a date for a new meeting.

Both on Sunday night and at breakfast the next morning, Macmillan sought to impress this view on Eisenhower, and to some extent he succeeded. After breakfast, Eisenhower completed the draft of his statement, in which he announced the cessation of the flights. This was not done without a battle in the US delegation; indeed, the night before, Eisenhower had been persuaded by Mr Gates, his Defence Secretary, to authorise a semi-public alert of US strategic forces, as a gesture of firmness. Unfortunately, even before the conference met, it was evident that Eisenhower's concessions would not be enough. Krushchev not only refused to meet the western three privately, before the conference was formally opened; but, after hearing Eisenhower's statement, he insisted, despite a strong protest from Macmillan, on publishing his own, thus revealing to the world the terms of his ultimatum.

Was the Summit, then, already dead on Monday night? I do not think so. At Macmillan's insistence, a further meeting was arranged for three o'clock on Tuesday. Krushchev showed no desire to leave Paris immediately. He still behaved as a man who was willing to talk, provided the price was right. In the morning he left for a tour of Malinovsky's old battlefield at Sézanne. When the invitation to the meeting arrived at the Soviet Embassy in the Rue de Grenelle, therefore, Krushchev was already on the road; the invitation was retrieved and sent by a Ministry of the Interior despatch rider to catch Krushchev. It found him at Pleurs. According to eye-witnesses, Krushchev's face lit up when he saw the document, and he at once turned back to Paris.

Then came the final tragedy. Macmillan seems to have believed, throughout Monday, that Eisenhower could be persuaded to make some form of apology, which indeed was already implicit in his instructions to stop the flights; and he conveyed this view to Krushchev. But, in the meantime, the US attitude had hardened. Mr Hagerty warned his president that Eisenhower's Monday concession had not been well received by the US press, and that a further surrender would be disastrous. This was also the view of Mr Charles Bohlen, who believed that a second concession would merely invite further Soviet demands. Finally the influence of De Gaulle was brought to bear strongly against an apology, which to his mind was inconceivable, whatever the sin. By noon, then, the US delegation was united against conciliation. Worse, it was now bellicose. Without clearing it with either the British or the French, Hagerty issued a statement asserting that Soviet participation at the 3 o'clock meeting would be taken as a withdrawal of Krushchev's conditions. A copy of this was in Krushchev's hands by the time he got back to the Rue de Grenelle, and at this point the conference expired. There only remained a few futile telephone calls to the Elysée to complete its obsequies.

No doubt the failure of his tactics increased Krushchev's fury, and thus helps to explain his extraordinary outburst at his press conference on Wednesday afternoon. But his remarks indicated a change of tone – not of substance. And when the smoke of invective had cleared, he proceeded to follow the path which he had deliberately laid out for himself in advance. This Summit was dead; but others would follow, for the Berlin problem remained. His allies in East Germany, who judged from his words that Krushchev would proceed to take immediate unilateral action on Berlin, were in for a bitter disappointment. At his instructions, the frenzied mass-meeting they had arranged in the Marx-Engels Platz was cancelled. Instead, he spoke in a closed hall, to a selected audience; he did not even pay them the compliment of delivering his speech, which was simply read by an interpreter. It drew only half-hearted cheers, for it was his most conciliatory speech on Berlin for many months – the first move, it seems, in a diplomatic offensive to set up another Summit.

For time is on Krushchev's side. Doubts about America's willingness to expose itself to nuclear destruction for the sake of Berlin are already strong. As the balance of military power continues to shift in Russia's favour, and as the US enters the perilous years of the 'missile gap', these doubts will grow stronger. Nor must we forget that, by forcing the US to abandon the one sure method of mapping Soviet missile sites, Krushchev has scored a concession of great military importance. If the choice is simply between war and a Munich capitulation, the burden of argument must swing inexorably in favour of the latter. Krushchev can afford to wait for another Summit. Can we? Not unless we set to work, here and now, to prepare a solution which renders this unthinkable choice unnecessary.

PAUL JOHNSON

Little Piccadillies

WHAT with the *laisser-faire* men in the right-wing press applauding Mr Henry Brooke for his wisdom and patriotism in rejecting the Monico design for Piccadilly Circus, one is almost mesmerised into believing that planning is no longer a dirty word. Why – or, at least, this is how the logic of praise should run – was not the LCC firmer in its faith and more hostile to the design? Why did it succumb to the schemes of architects and builders? But I doubt if this is the conclusion which the mass of anti-planners want drawn. Opposition to Monico was largely revolt against the peculiarly ugly building that was proposed and, more particularly, against the great slab of advertising it would offer at the heart of the Empire. Residually, too, there was joy at the gift of so useful a stick with which to belabour those arch-planners: the LCC. What does it matter that the stick might be a boomerang? That could always be straightened out. After all, it is scarcely the function of the right wing to praise development plans and to condemn as anti-social the spoliations of builders and financiers.

The defeat of Monico is an isolated triumph and Mr Brooke's decision is contrary to the general attempts now being made to break-up the powers of planners. It is also contrary to the movement designed to restore to areas of local pressure important decisions about the use of land and questions of architectural quality. This movement inevitably makes suspect the current bursts of cheering around Eros. It isn't as if there is simply a case of the government quietly passing the word to the boys down the line to listen more readily to the call of freedom and property. Legislation now exists to help freedom and property along.

A correspondent expert in the complexities of planning has explained to me the signifi-

cance of an apparently routine ministry circular dated 18 November 1959, which deals with the delegation of planning functions under the Town and Country Planning Act. Before this 1947 Act there were the enormous number of 1,441 independent planning authorities. The Act cut them down to 145, all either a county or a county borough and each having the duty of drawing up a development plan. The advantages of this change were self-evident: the larger authority could afford a qualified man as planner, could see things whole and could allow the planner some freedom from the more desperate sort of local pressures. But many smaller authorities were, and remain, furious at their loss of power, even though they retain some say in planning matters.

With exceptions that have become notorious, these arrangements have worked well, even if the propaganda of the anti-planners might suggest otherwise. County planning officers have always seemed to me among the most intelligent and enlightened group of local government officials. Their faults, to which so many speculative builders' handiwork is testimony, is that they are sometimes unable to be firm enough. Now, however, their position is being undermined; and the method whereby this tunnelling is done demonstrates clearly the government's lack of interest if not hostility.

In the past, aspects of a development plan like layout and elevation of new buildings, preservation orders on buildings of historic and architectural interest, tree preservation orders and advertisement control all came within their dispensation under Part Three of the Act. But the new regulations which were, my correspondent suggests, 'skilfully laid before a new parliament within a few days of its assembling, and without any publicity' now compulsorily delegate many powers under this section of the Act to smaller authorities. In other words, the function of making a development plan, on the one hand, and of dealing with individual applications on thorny questions like detailed layout or architectural treatment, on the other, are dangerously divided.

It is true that the planning authority retains power of veto over any proposal which seems to contravene the approved plan, but this proviso is of dubious value for two reasons. The first is that it remains unspecified just who is to decide whether or not a proposal contravenes the plan or not. The second lies in the nature of these plans. While they state general policy in fairly broad terms, they do not – and cannot – cover detail. In practice what will happen is that smaller councils will make decisions and merely notify the planning authority of what they have done. It may be, for example, that the council will allow a garage to be built in some inappropriate place and then allow it to become a factory, while the planning authority looks on helplessly. It will now be much easier for a small council to harm the intentions of development plans while sticking within the letter of the law.

All this may seem to be taking a very disenchanted view of small authorities (by 'small' the new regulations specify a minimum of 60,000 population). It's possible to be more disenchanted and argue that since such a mess has been made under the old regulations, the new will scarcely make matters worse. The difference is one between healthy scepticism and cynicism. But it is too much to expect that local authorities of small populations – again with notable exceptions – will be more enlightened than the existing planning authorities.

In the first place they will seldom be able to afford, even when inclined to appoint, qualified planning officers. Instead the borough surveyor or engineer will be saddled with his responsibilities – in some cases, of course, they will embrace them eagerly, since there is often hostility and envy between surveyors and planners. But however able a surveyor may be, he cannot be expected to have as broad an outlook as a qualified planner. Already there are cases of surveyors taking over, while people who care for architecture or the countryside or the look of towns tremble. In the second place, local pressures will increase enormously. It is scarcely a slander on a great craft to say that builders often find planners an obstacle to profit. Important in their own communities, builders and landowners would be failing in their duty to themselves if they didn't carve things up to suit both themselves and, since they love their towns, the community. And what a blow they strike for freedom! I am not suggesting that development plans and compulsory purchase and various other techniques for invading private property for the greater good have never been mischievous. There have been *bona-fide* village Hampdens. But in that impenetrable half-world of building and property there are equally cases where the cry of 'freedom' is the last refuge of the scoundrel.

There is, certainly, one more respectable argument for the new regulations. Authority, it is argued, is too remote; public bodies are too large: people have too little control over their own lives. Doesn't delegating planning powers or, rather, limiting the powers of the larger organisation, give people precisely this greater say in how their own community is to look? It is an attractive argument. It conjures up a vision of reasonable men and women desiring an aesthetically pleasing place, gently persuading a landowner not to sell-out to a jerry-builder, preserving character and yet seeing its people housed, even engaging good architects. But how often can anyone seriously see this happening? It may not nowadays be fashionable to see the accumulation of property as theft, but it is still hard cash.

The new regulations may in themselves be minor, but their effects could be considerable. At the very least they will mean a waste of the talents and experience available in many planning authorities. It should still be possible to correct these effects by insisting that the smaller authorities employ qualified planning staff and by making consultation mandatory between small authorities and planning authorities *before* decisions are reached, with the planning authority being given powers to intervene where it felt necessary. But this would leave untouched the greater problems of building in Britain, the notorious neglect of architects by builders, the whole question of the standard and siting of new houses, offices, and factories, in fact, the inert, negative kind of attitude which is making the country so unnecessarily ugly a place.

W. JOHN MORGAN

NEXT WEEK

Moral Rearmament

by TOM DRIBERG

London Diary

NOT *overheard but probably said in Moscow*. 'It's terrible this American propaganda, Ivan, isn't it?' 'Yes. They must have been studying Pavlov's experiment with dogs: first hot and then cold until we're all confused. Do you remember? They wouldn't make any concessions on Berlin and then Eisenhower at Camp David convinced poor Krushchev that it was an 'anomalous' situation that must be changed and then de Gaulle was put up to postpone the Summit Conference and then they said they'd have it after all and then they agreed to stop tests and one day they started them up to frighten us and, when they'd arranged the Summit, it was Adenauer who was the spokesman this time and he vetoed any Berlin settlement and they said they would have the Summit and just before it the Americans sent over their U-2 to make it impossible. Krushchev said it shouldn't make any difference, whereupon Mr Herter said that they were going on doing it and that espionage in the Soviet Union was all right. By this time they had got poor old Krushchev properly muddled up like one of Pavlov's dogs. No wonder he bit them!'

* * *

The press, by and large, has declared that Hugh Gaitskell has won a great victory. I can find no sort of justification for such headlines. At Yarmouth he carried the General Workers who will support him at the Autumn Conference, but the resolution they passed is so vague that it will cover any policy. At the Parliamentary party meeting, as Mr Mallalieu explains on another page, Mr Gaitskell accepted, though reluctantly, the new party line which Wigg and Crossman presented in this journal on 14 May. It was a non-pacifist compromise designed to bring party unity. I think the press confusion is due to a genuine failure to understand the difference between unilateralist in its pacifist sense and the Wigg-Crossman line which George Brown and others had already accepted. Of course, the papers were ready to confuse the issue, partly because they liked to emphasise the confusions in the party, and partly because they wanted to discredit the left. Naturally, from the news point of view, it is far easier to present the issue as a personal battle than to attempt the complex job of sorting it out for the public. Anyway the choice of Mr Crossman, who was demoted for unorthodoxy in matters of defence, to be one of the four to formulate Labour's new defence policy effectively settles the point.

* * *

One odd result of the Summit that didn't happen is that the public have been put wise about espionage. Most people have been accustomed to think that it is an heroic occupation which men named Carruthers carry on in war time and which Russians and such like are caught doing in times of peace. They can see that Krushchev's complaint about the flight of the U-2 is justified because it could not be reconciled with the desire for coexistence essential to the Summit. They can also see that it was hypocritical for Krushchev or anyone else to complain of spying as such, since we all do it. The Russians have offered us the classical examples in the Gouzenko case in Canada, the Petrov case in Australia and the Fuchs case here. Now they know that the Americans do it too and they guess, as I

do, that it is not only the Iron Curtain countries that keep in their embassies abroad a locked room for secret service purposes where not even a charwoman is allowed to enter. The point that people seem to me to have missed is that the U-2 affair might very well have started off the third world war. Supposing, for instance, that the Russians, whom we are pretty sure do flights over Pakistan, Middle Eastern and European countries, had sent a similar flight over the United States? The American command live in terror of another Pearl Harbour. If it had been informed that a large Russian bomber had passed the frontier, would the button for the World War not have been pressed? It is for just such an emergency that the Americans keep a large part of their bomber force always on alert. Could anyone have been sure when the plane came over whether it was the first of a bomber fleet? I am by no means sure that the American nerve would have been so good as Krushchev's. That is the real point of the U-2 incident.

* * *

Of the many crimes committed by the coal, iron and copper barons who made fortunes during the industrial revolution, one of the worse was the ugliness they created in the English country-side. England had a lovely face everywhere before they raped her. Lancashire, incredibly, was nearly as attractive as Cumberland. Now I know of no uglier place in the world. It has ten thousand acres of slag heaps. They came to these places, made enormous fortunes and then left behind them heaps of waste and decaying buildings. I was reminded of their irresponsibility by a *Tonight* film report from Lancashire which showed a Mr Graham trying to undo some of this damage by sowing grass seed on slagheaps to make them green again. With the aid of children who play on the heaps he has now successfully planted eight. The children seemed to enjoy working with him – or was it that they wanted rides on the magnificent Arab mare he travels around on? One of his main problems was erosion – the rain washing the seed away – but this he has overcome by terracing. He, of course, is a one-man band. But larger organisations are also at work. The Lancashire county council, like others, clears away some and makes playing fields or sites for factories in their place. This still leaves tens of thousands of acres of rubbish and industrial ruins lying around Britain. Couldn't the government nail down the often evasive landlords and industrialists and make them clear up their mess?

* * *

But I suppose we ought to be grateful that the waste of old industries isn't radioactive, like that of the new atom industry. How to get rid of this dangerous stuff? Many non-nuclear nations are disturbed at the way Britain and the US are pouring it into the oceans: the Russians put theirs in the Caspian. Dumping this waste in the sea is not as safe as it seems. The Animas river in Colorado, for instance, was found to be dangerously polluted. In the White Oak Lake near the Oak Ridge station a species of fish died out. A frightening article has appeared on the subject in the *Reporter*. It points out that while in the US 250 curies per year is thought to be enough waste on one site, we pump 10,000 curies per month into the Irish sea. Fewer people, of course, bathe near Windscale than on the Cape Cod or Florida beaches. It has been thought safe to sink the waste in containers deep in the oceans. But oceanographers now find that even this is not certainly so. There is more life there than they thought and this life can become radioactive and reach the surface waters. One result of all this is that people are beginning to doubt the objectivity of scientists; they talk of them almost as though they were so many politicians.

* * *

Just a century has passed since the birth of the great and acrimonious journalist who first wrote this Diary. As editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, H. W. Massingham was sacked because he opposed the Boer War. He became editor of the *Nation* when it was founded after the great Liberal victory of 1906. He left it when Keynes, Layton and others acquired it in 1922. After that the *Nation* declined editorially until its amalgamation with this journal in 1931. Leonard Woolf, who long worked with Massingham, has described his method. He used to see each of his leader writers separately – as well as lunching them at the Reform club every Monday – and blow off a lot of acrimonious steam. Afterwards his venom against the powers-that-be went into his London Diary, which appeared over the signature of *Wayfarer*. His team included the radical lions of those days – H. W. Nevinson, Masterman and J. A. Hobson, for example. Ardent supporters of the younger reforming Lloyd George, they turned violently against him when he led a conservative coalition and bungled the Peace. The *Nation* then always called him Mr George. Massingham became a supporter of the Labour Party and there was an odd period in which the *Nation* was in effect Labour and Clifford Sharp's NEW STATESMAN flirted with the Asquithian Liberals. For a time, after he lost the *Nation*, Massingham transferred his famous Wayfarer column to the NEW STATESMAN and I have always felt that some of his essence has become blended with the present Diary.

* * *

I read in the *Evening News* that 'about 36,000 plain plastic book covers have been sold in Canada, mostly to office girls who want to read *Lady Chatterley's Lover* on the bus to work, according to a manufacturers' survey. They are also being used by readers of religious books who are reluctant to display the title in public.'

CRITIC

This England

The Rev. D. Campbell, Edinburgh, moving another resolution on Sunday observance, said that the sin of Sabbath desecration was sooner or later visited with Divine displeasure. They had, perhaps, the latest example in the fact that the so-called Summit meeting had collapsed and it was not to be wondered at, because last Sabbath there were several meetings between Heads of Government preparing for the meeting. – *Glasgow Herald*. (J. A. Fraser.)

One thing is very certain when the Springbok side returns: the side will go down in cricketing history as one of the most heroic and greatest of all time. Eleven young men on a field versus 50 million howling ignorants, filled to the brim with football pools, T.V. and welfare statitis. – Letter in *Oxford Mail*. (John Gillard Watson.)

Washrooms at a new infants' school have *ashtrays* fitted. This was discovered yesterday when civic dignitaries visited the school at Ellesmere Port, Cheshire. – *News of the World*. (J. G. E. Bedford.)

The Curse of the Albatross

CECIL B. DE MILLE in spectacularising history now appears to have been anticipating it. Presently, Hollywood film stars may be compelled to bathe in asses milk because water will be a rare commodity. It would certainly be no more socially extravagant than what is happening in California at the moment, according to the experts at the conference on Arid Zone Problems which Unesco has been holding in Paris. It was rather ironical that the experts from 33 different countries who had met to discuss how modern progress could recover deserts should discover that the most prosperous area in the United States was the 'horrible example' of what must be avoided.

Since the subject was arid zones, the most valuable commodity which they had to consider was water – water which would make the deserts blossom as the rose, help to bring into cultivation some of the third of the land's surface which is barren, and provide food for the world's multiplying millions. By that token the south-western states of the US should have been proof of fulfilment. There, by irrigation, barren tracts yielded rich harvests. What surplus water there was was 'managed' into productive channels. Wells tapped the springs. Artesian wells were sunk and gushed as richly as the oil wells of the region. As each obedient source gave out, pumps were applied to suck the more reluctant water from below. Pumps became more efficient and cheaper so that individualist Americans could help themselves.

Although great dams were built to trap and store surplus water and pipes carried it for great distances, the rapidly growing communities became more and more dependent on ground-water – those natural reservoirs which, deep underground, are Nature's savings bank. Today the prosperous south-west is drawing a thousand times more water a year than its climatic 'income' provides. Those underground sources are not being replenished. An unrenewable resource is being 'mined' and will become exhausted – as surely as the spent oilwells and the gold which was in 'them thar hills'.

Dr Luna B. Leopold, of the US Geological Survey, who presented this picture of a water-orgy, urged the representatives of countries which were venturing into desert reclamation not to repeat the American mistakes and to budget their water supplies on the predictable variations of rainfall and surface water and to treat ground water with respect as the 'savings' on which they might fairly draw to tide over the drought years. He pointed out that in the south-west the local and regional water supplies were already fully developed.

But the expansion of industry, making heavy demands on water and of great cities is still going on. The aircraft industry has largely migrated there because the clear (rainless) skies are particularly favourable for the development of airfields, training bases and manufacturing. New industries have followed suit and the equable climate of the semi-arid lands attracted large populations, not only for general living but for recreation. Land formerly used for irrigated agriculture is now rich real estate for residential or industrial use. Cities are spreading into the actual desert and 'home sites' are being built

SOUTH AFRICA

A CHANCE TO PROSPER FREEDOM

JAMES FAIRBAIRN REPORTS

"What the Nationalist Government fears most is black and white working with each other for decency. Nor has it succeeded in terrorising its serious opposition—both black and white. The jackboot is there, but it has a few holes in it . . . There is a small but significantly growing number of white South Africans opposed to racialism and eager to work with Africans. What heartens them most is to know that world opinion is on their side."

VICTIMS OF EMERGENCY REGULATIONS NEED YOUR HELP

There are today hundreds of children of all races deprived of at least one parent, and quite a number who have had both parents taken away by the political police in the middle of the night. Relations and friends and sometimes near strangers have done what they can for many of these children. But there are, especially among the very large number of detained Africans, some who have not been succoured at all.

The plight of these children and other dependants of those arrested, particularly of the Africans, most of whom have to live ordinarily in dire poverty, is desperate.

Many in Great Britain have already shown their sympathy with the victims of the present racial tyranny in South Africa. They, as well as many others, will wish to join with that gallant band of helpers out there in bringing aid to the children and other dependants of those detained under the Emergency Regulations. In doing so they will uphold the morale of those in South Africa who strive to keep the flame of freedom alive.

The national *Defence and Aid Fund* (established by Christian Action in connection with the Treason Trial in South Africa) has already sent out considerable sums of money. But vastly greater help is needed.

On behalf of the sponsors of the national Defence and Aid Fund we—the members of the Advisory Committee of Sponsors—beg you with all our hearts to respond to these appeals.

JAMES CALLAGHAN L. JOHN COLLINS MICHAEL FOOT JO GRIMOND KENNETH GRUBB
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in large numbers where no water is available. Some are self-supplied with pump-wells sucking water which belongs to the late Pleistocene time of hundreds of thousands of years ago.

Perhaps Dr Leopold's warning may have some effect on countries, preparing to develop their deserts, but there seems no present solution for the water-gluttony of the American West. The glib answer of course is to distill sea-water and have the Pacific as a limitless reservoir; but none of the great American experts on desalination, at the conference, were optimistic about that as the practical answer.

Yes, there are plenty of devices for taking salt out of water – solar distillations; resins (as in domestic water-softeners); plastic membranes which, when electricity is passed through salt water, screens out the minerals; and 'flash-freezing'. Solar distillation – simply evaporating water under glass and letting it condense – needs huge areas of evaporation for a poor, and slow, return. Resins are expensive and have to be regenerated, when, as salt-leeches, they are glutted. (Self-regeneration methods seem possible – at least the French have had small-scale successes in the Sahara.) The membrane method needs electricity. 'Flash-freeze' involves spraying pre-cooled water into vacuum-chambers where ice-crystals form, rejecting the brine, and those can be melted into freshwater. (The Israelis claimed an outstanding, scientific and engineering success in this method.) All of them involve expensive equipment and, usually, power and the yields are still small compared with the needs or with the capital outlay.

To a person thirsting in the desert, water would be cheap at the price of champagne. To industries, like those of oil or gold, which, indispensably, need water if they are to get a rich-rewarding product, expensive desalination is 'economic'. Potable domestic water and industrial water, from salt sources, are now available – at a price. But that price, as the arid zone scientists were continually reminded, is far in excess of what could be afforded in desert irrigation. Or for the manifold community needs (even Hollywood swimming-pools) of a vast urbanised area.

The rainless cloud of the American example need not however spread gloom nor suggest the death of the world by thirst nor confirm the Cassandra-like warning of Dr H. Heimann of Israel who predicted that 'man will not survive unless he can take the salt out of the sea'.

That, with a scientific-economic breakthrough, will probably come in the future. Meanwhile the attention, which the Unesco arid zone programme of the past nine years has concentrated on such problems, has altered many old ideas of the water economy of the world. For example, the hydrologists now estimate that nine-tenths of the water of the land surface (excluding the salt oceans which cover seven-tenths of the planet) is underground. The lakes, great rivers and streams only represent one-tenth. Obviously these resources stored for hundreds of years cannot be squandered (see above) but it is possible to produce a water balance-sheet and, with knowledge of what is in the natural 'vaults' and what the contemporary 'deposits' are, to know what can be safely withdrawn. What the experts emphasised is 'variability' – floods and droughts – which can be fairly assessed over a given period of years. Much of the water regularly goes underground – even as Drouhin of the Sahara pointed out from the dunes – into the geological depths. Measure that and withdraw within safe limits.

That was why there was strong pressure at the Unesco meeting for a co-operative, international exploration of the aquifers (water-bearing formations) which stretch from the Red Sea, under the Nile, Upper Egypt and the Sudan, the Western Desert, Tunisia and the Sahara. This provides the greatest desert area of the world with a great 'built-in' reservoir. The accounts, however, will have to be well-audited in case water-greed prejudices posterity.

And meanwhile, the American West should, in wisdom, replace the eagle emblem by the albatross – 'Water, water everywhere nor any a drop to drink.'

RITCHIE CALDER

The Captive Viewer

In the ordinary way I don't often watch television. Partly because I haven't the time. However, a recent spell in hospital gave me time and opportunity in plenty. Moreover the lassitude induced by convalescence, coupled with total immobility and minor but recurrent twinges of pain, dispersed concentration and made reading even the lightest book a tiresome effort. In fact I have been ripe for television.

For the last month, then, I have been viewing – a captive, though increasingly restless audience. I think more practitioners of television should be made to do the same: it is a sobering experience.

I emerged from the long vigil driven half mad with irrational frustration and resentment directed, perhaps unreasonably, at some of the nation's best-loved figures. John Morgan – himself no mean practitioner before the camera – who can be roused to fury by even an ordinary evening's viewing, tells me that he is accustomed to relieve his feelings by shouting at the set; while Harry Secombe (bless him) is said to draw moustaches with a chinagraph pencil on specially irritant faces as they appear. More seriously though, I cannot help feeling depressed and alarmed by the utter triviality of nine-tenths of the flood of pictures which are so earnestly and expensively hurled at us.

What ought we to expect of this medium which now dominates the leisure life of most of the people most of the time? Ideas? Instruction? Entertainment? Or just the gentle, ceaseless, scarcely perceptible erosion of the angularities of free will and personal responsibility? The last is what I fear we are getting. This is not primarily a plea for more serious programmes, but for more good ones. Indeed it is in the field of light entertainment that the gulf between the good and the bad is most obvious. Look through any specimen week in the *Radio Times* and the *TV Times:* how many programmes which can be reasonably described as light entertainment hold the slightest hint of any sort of quality? Hancock, if you are lucky, who is not only a comic genius himself, but who works in a team with fellow performers, script writers and producers to turn out programmes which would do credit to Chaplin or the late Sid Field; *Emergency Ward 10;* the *Phil Silvers Show;* perhaps Charlie Drake or Benny Hill – again if you are lucky enough to find them; and possibly one or two more according to personal taste. But, all told, not more than a couple of hours or so a week.

The reason is obvious: there is not enough talent to go round. And because viewing figures suggest that light entertainment is the surest way of pulling in the mass audience, commercial pressure dictates that what talent there is must be more and more diluted in a polluted sea of comedy shows, crude westerns, quiz games and teenage vocalists. Nor is this necessarily a passing phase. As the hours of television increase, the quality seems to me to be falling; and a new generation of entertainers has little or no incentive to aim higher than the low standards which already ensure popular success.

Plays? Both channels make some serious effort to select and cast their plays with taste and imagination. But it is an understatement to say that the results are disappointing. Most television plays suffer from too little time and money in their preparation: so far from having established a method and a discipline of its own, the small-screen drama usually combines the stilted clichés of the third-rate movie with the minute-to-minute hazards of an under-rehearsed first night.

It is fair to except from this criticism at least some of the serials. The short serial-drama is a form which TV has made peculiarly its own. Economy and continuity in sets and characters lead to simple productions which, because they aim at modest targets, frequently hit them more cleanly than the more ambitious exercises in full-scale drama. Moreover, it seems to be accepted by programming authorities and viewers alike that the serial playlet is a suitable vehicle for instruction in social responsibilities. *Probation Officer,* for instance, is excellent entertainment and loaded with social content: it is currently the best, but not the only, example of the *genre.*

Outside the field of pure entertainment, whether light or serious, lies the smaller and much less popular area of the didactic – the documentary, the discussion, the programme of ideas. I wish I could feel that these programmes really deserved the praise which their participants often lavish on them. Alas, they seldom do. Too often the TV documentary is seized on as an excuse to be boring. I have nothing but respect for the intentions of those who present say David Attenborough's snapshots of paradise or Sir Mortimer Wheeler's reflections on the Roman Empire; but they do go on a bit and they do not entirely avoid the *longueurs* which I still associate with Sunday school lantern lectures about the Holy Land.

However, there is nothing to be gained by knocking such estimable efforts as these: they are good of their kind, but the appeal is limited. I am more interested in the big magazine programmes, *Panorama, Tonight, Monitor, This Week,* because these are permanent features which seek to build and keep a mass audience. I have tried to think why I can't take them (with one exception) quite seriously and why (with one exception) I don't find them essential viewing. The exception is *Monitor,* which of course aims far lower than the others in viewing figures. I applaud this programme not merely because I can find most of my personal interests in its subject matter, nor because of its highly idiosyncratic presentation by Huw Wheldon – whose particular talents seem to me to show

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to greater advantage among the generals than among the artists – but because the production team as a whole care very much about the subjects they deal with, and as a result *Monitor* has both a heart and a coherent view. These, I believe, are the requisites of success in all magazines of ideas, whether they appear in print or on the screen.

Panorama – which relies far more on star performers and which has in Michael Peacock the ablest of the BBC's current affairs producers – lacks these qualities. 'What ought we to be talking about this week? And what is the brightest thing we can think up to say about it?' Those are the questions one pictures the producers of *Panorama* asking one another at their editorial conference. What they ought to be asking is: 'What do we really care about this week and what is *Panorama's* editorial view on it?' Not very easy I know, chivvied and nibbled at as *Panorama* must expect to be by the 'no offence' brigade in the BBC Establishment – mercifully in the descendent under the new Director-General. But until Michael Peacock manages to restore both heart and brain to *Panorama* – he has already regained the vigour – his miracle of reconstruction will be incomplete and lazy viewers like myself will sometimes be tempted to eat their dinner in peace rather than bolt it to hurry to the set.

Tonight I suppose was conceived as kaleidoscopic and ephemeral: brightness, superficiality, and a touch of cynicism are the acceptable enough result. Am I alone in feeling that the brightness has somewhat dimmed and the cynicism lost a little of its astringency; that it is all a bit too predictable, even a little stale? The formula ought to last for ever, but perhaps some of the personalities need a change. Having said that, I must add that my two sharpest memories of hospital viewing are both *Tonight* stories, both essays in human neurosis, though at different levels of tragedy: Whicker on men who wear false beards and Philpott on a Valhalla-like air force camp in the US (I forget its name) where the master race of the Free World is being trained to the responsibilities of the Bomb.

Beside these three BBC magazines, commercial television offers nothing comparable. *This Week* was presumably designed as a competitor for *Panorama;* and critics Black, Richardson and Driberg, whose viewing experiences I have so often enjoyed vicariously, occasionally write well of it. In the weeks I have been watching it, it has seemed to combine pretentiousness with triviality and lack of purpose. Related to, though somewhat different from, the magazines, Granada's two current affairs programmes, *Who Goes Next* and *Searchlight*, do deserve serious consideration – the former because (despite its infantile method of presentation) it is so good, the latter because (despite an almost embarrassing earnestness of purpose) it is often so bad.

Who Goes Next succeeds notwithstanding its silly gimmicks, because three men of first-class intellect and pungent speech are encouraged to say exactly what they think on selected topical questions and are debarred from arguing with one another. Thus the viewer is presented with the clash of ideas in its sharpest form and spared the fatuous charade of 'comic' bickering which has reduced *Free Speech* to the intellectual level of the *Army Game*. There are some obvious disadvantages about *Who Goes Next;* but its central lessons – that controversy can sometimes be conveyed without debate and that controversialists are sometimes at their best when forced to be both brief and precise – should be learned by all current affairs producers.

The trouble with *Searchlight* is sheer lack of intellectual content: it is honest, hard-hitting, brave, well-intentioned . . . and usually rather silly. Of course there are exceptions – the programme on VD will remain a landmark in the year's viewing. But that must be set against, for instance, the lamentable 'investigation' of Oxford and, more recently, 'Trial by Tribunal', which dealt in such a captious and gossipy way with a serious subject as to make the subject seem trivial and (something I should have said was impossible) Lord Birkett look a booby. Last Monday's profile of Krushchev, though a good idea and competently enough compiled, was superficial – and unnecessarily so – to the point of being misleading.

All the right ingredients go into this programme except, apparently, enough serious thought. I draw attention to its weakness not to pillory its producers (Granada do seem to me to offer perceptibly more quality in their networked programmes than the other commercial companies), but because absence of real editorial thinking seems to me to be the general weakness in current affairs television.

The BBC has recently named 'editors', as opposed to producers, as the executives in charge of its three current affairs magazines. I hope this means that the men concerned will divorce themselves from the day to day problems of production and concentrate almost entirely on thinking and discussing – sometimes, dare one suggest it, outside the postal district of W12 – what is the total impact they are trying to achieve with their programmes and how they can inspire or bully or cajole others into doing the work for them.

The sharpest single memory of hospital viewing is of the consistent technical brilliance of the BBC's Outside Broadcast Department – commentators as well as technicians. The Royal Wedding . . . Real Madrid . . . the Cavendish Laboratory . . . you don't switch them on unless these are the slices of life that happen to appeal to you; but, if they do, you can get them with an actuality and urgency which beats anything mocked up in a studio. Perhaps the reporting of living events is the one thing that TV with its intrusive and highly mobile eye can really do better than the other media of mass communication. Whatever Peter Dimmock is paid by the BEC (an enviable sum, I am told, by any reckoning) is well justified by the success of the team he directs.

These, of course, are personal, highly subjective reflections after a short and somewhat unnatural period of intensive viewing. Unjust? Unkind? I hope not. I do know a little about the problems of television and I do care that it should be used to good effect. There is one more sharp impression, and it may be thought to be a relevant one. An obviously second-rate and unsatisfactory programme of my own, which had been tastelessly and indiscreetly over-publicised, caused me so much discomfort that I was unable to view it to the end – preferring, so help me, 'Scrapbook for 1910' on the Home Service. I said at the beginning that this had been a sobering and instructive experience. I commend it to others in the business.

JOHN FREEMAN.

The Arts and Entertainment

The Road to Ubiquopolis

If ever a man disappointed a movement, it was Sir Owen Williams. The Modern Movement in architecture pinned its ultimate faith on engineers; the English branch pinned their faith on Owen Williams as the author of the extraordinary factory he designed for Boots (the ubiquitous druggists) outside Nottingham, in the Thirties. For nearly 20 years this was the only English building that gained admission to the sacred books of the movement, such as Alfred Roth's *Neue Architektur;* it is still the only pre-war British building that is known to the movement at large.

He also, of course, designed the *Daily Express* building, about which the Movement had doubts, Peckham health centre, and the Empire Pool at Wembley, which remains one of his most gratifying pieces of structural show-off. All these before the war, of course. Then, after the war, the hangars at London Airport appeared, and the movement began to feel uneasy. People went away and looked up the few illustrations then available of Pierluigi Nervi's early airy concrete hangars in Italy, and then came back to have another look at Sir Owen's with their dirty great blocks of concrete ponderously counterbalancing the spans of the roof (a seeming caricature of the structure of the Empire Pool) and decided that the engineering knight was either not trying, or trying too hard, had suffered a rush of aesthetics to the head.

Now that the M1 is completed, it is clear that it wasn't aesthetics. But, at the same time, the movement, with seeming inconsistency, has lost any sympathy that may have remained for him. The movement's admiration for engineers stemmed from the proposition, more honoured in the breach than in the observance, that pure construction, unsullied by aesthetic intentions, resulted in beautiful form, and pre-war Owen Williams often seems to bear out this idea. But what the movement hadn't bargained for, yet seems to confront in post-war Owen Williams, is a deliberately *anti*-aesthetic engineer. There is something peculiarly daunting about all the engineering works connected with our first motorway. The arches of the underbridges are of incredibly massive concrete, but numbly, inexpressively so; the bridges that pass over the road are clumsily put together, as out of children's building blocks, and where these bridges abut on older structures, like railway bridges, the collision of styles seems oafish rather than enlightening.

Most illuminating as mental background to all this was a statement made in a paper presented to a recent symposium (Institute of Civil Engineers) on Motorways by Sir Owen and his son, as joint designers of, specifically, the Luton-Dunchurch stretch.

> It is frequently stated that horizontal curvature (of the road itself) has been introduced to avoid monotony, but this is not so. The main considerations leading to choice of alignment are to provide as direct a route as

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possible with due regard to economy of earthworks, suitable locations for crossings of existing roads, railways, rivers, canals and property.

The implications, here, of a revival of the kind of face-grinding Victorian 'economy' from which even the Victorian age never suffered in practice, seems born out by practically everything one sees along M1 – not only the lumpish structures but the unimaginative and (one hears) deliberate and programmatic maintenance of an even width between the two carriage-ways irrespective of the terrain traversed.

But the consequences of Sir Owen's inhumanity to man go further than this, even. The pilot study he made for one of the service areas (garage, café, filling-station, etc.) that are to dot the motorway's length at 12-mile intervals, was circular in plan. The reason for this is now clear – a circle is the shortest perimeter of a given area, and is thus the cheapest to fence. As a result of this, the Ministry, apparently without stopping to think, has started buying circular parcels of land for service areas, so rendering it almost impossible to adapt the service areas and their buildings to the landscape in which they are sited. Any good intentions that Mr Marples may be developing under the goading of the Royal Fine Art Commission and other bodies are going to be thwarted even before he starts.

The Motorway is the road to Ubiquopolis, the universal distributed city, because it makes it feasible to commute by any car of more than one-and-a-half litres between London, or Birmingham, and any number of hitherto undeveloped areas in Bedford and Northants. Whether or not Ubiquopolis is going to be a good thing is a matter on which I prefer to withhold judgment for the moment, but I find it scandalous that the road to and from it should have been designed in such a cheapskate manner. You have only to compare it with the later and more sophisticated *autobahnen*, such as Stuttgart-Munich, to realise that it has been put together in a frame of mind that was already superseded in the days when Sir Owen was still one of the white hopes of the moderns.

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Kleist-anti-Kleist

A composer of German origin (especially a young composer) has somehow to come to terms with his Germanness, whatever excuse his present home or passport may provide. One must appreciate the peculiar problem which the Italianised Hans Werner Henze set himself in choosing Kleist's *Prinz Friedrich von Homburg* as the basis for his new opera, for on the surface this great play might seem the quintessence of Prussianism.

An opera-subject that is not merely 'culinary', but which is an expression of an attitude and a provocation of thought or action, is always welcome. We know the dangers of journalistic topicality, and we know that recent issues can more easily be reached by way of what is historically or geographically remote. As a ground for a comment on militarism, the role of the Prince of Homburg in the battle of Fehrbellin in the year 1675 is no more or less apposite than, say, the role of Lucullus in Roman history. But the historical Prince of Homburg is only a motif. Kleist's Prince is a very specific and binding *theme*, and Henze must have been drawn to its inalienable features rather than to the simple historical 'case' of a Prussian noble who fell short of Prussian ideals. In return for that theme, he and his very talented librettist Ingeborg Bachmann had to submit to the convention of Kleist's theatre, a convention which would have been admirably suited to the operatic ideals of a composer like Marschner, not to speak of the unhappy Graener. Henze knows as well as any contemporary opera composer that much has happened in the theatre since Kleist's day, and that some of it can and should leave its mark on the theatrical style of any living opera. But he is rebel enough to turn his back on innovation and write an opera that demands the kind of production which it was given by the Hamburg Staatsoper last Sunday: a production firmly, and sometimes finely, based on the convention of 19th century opera.

Henze's other works, and particularly his previous opera *Konig Hirsch*, encourage one to question the contemporaneity of *Der Prinz von Homburg*. Henze has claimed that the opera poses and answers questions about our own day and age; and here, I think, he does something which can often be very fruitful in a creative artist: he deceives himself. The only aspect of the play which is potentially applicable to our time is the one concerned with the psychology of aggression and the face of militarism. But these aspects are not presented critically or analytically. In this respect the tendency of the play and the opera is fundamentally conservative. A rigid code of military honour is implicitly denied by the central figure, who in consequence becomes an outcast. But through his own decision he is reinstated, and at the close the *status quo* is affirmed most positively. Henze observes that one must remove the play from its specifically Prussian locale in order to show that in spirit it is opposed to 'Prussianism'. Up to a point this is true, but one must then face the fact that the play (and the opera) is therefore not primarily concerned with militarism or heroism. And so, whatever else the play is about – and we must consider that – it should be clear that Kleist was prepared to use militarism and a kind of primitive Ubermensch as inert symbols rather than as points of attack. Part of the force of the play derives from this structural conflict between the symbol and the message. It is thus profoundly ambivalent, and therefore either useless or dangerous as contemporary propaganda.

So it is not so much from Prussia that the play and opera must be removed as from any moralistic interpretation. It is true that the play was banned in Prussia on the grounds that its hero disgraced the holy order of soldiery, but this is no more in its favour than the approval of the Third Reich is in its disfavour. Miss Bachmann rightly points out that Kleist's portrayal of the ruling cast of Brandenburg is highly idealised. Now the idealisation is comprehensible not as a criticism, still less as a glorification of the military cast – as such it would in either case be ineffective – but rather as a means of crystallising the humanistic symbolism. Kleist is able to approve both the Prince in his moment of failure and the officers in their moment of triumph because they are symbols of a tension vital to life itself – the tension between the will to order and the will to freedom and inspiration. This is a timeless, not merely contemporary theme, and its affinity with a theme in Henze's *König Hirsch* confirms that it is the real source of attraction to him. It is, one notes, a theme very germane to the problems of contemporary composition, and it has unquestionably influenced the musical structure of the opera.

Subtlety of characterisation is not one of Henze's strong points as an opera composer, and he too easily identifies complexity with tension. The conflict between order and freedom, the real world and the dream world, cannot so simply be resolved into a conflict between intensive organisation of the musical materials, partial (pitch) organisation, and free (quasi-Stravinskian) fantasy. So far as intensive organisation is concerned, one can surely say that the battles of the musical theatre are not to be solved on the playing-fields of Darmstadt. Certain of the more advanced passages in the opera make a very poor effect because they lack dramatic profile. Conversely, certain of the Stravinskian passages work very well dramatically, but are not wholly convincing musically. There are two passages, one in the first movement and one in the third movement of Stravinsky's 1945 Symphony, which have left their mark on earlier works of Henze's and which still haunt him in the new opera. Personally, I do not find this eclecticism objectionable *per se* – indeed it shows a healthy disregard for academic proprieties – but there is always the question, where does this harmony, this texture *go*, structurally? To take a simple example, there is a wide-spaced motto chord which instantly suggests the Phrygian E of the Lyke-Wake Dirge in Stravinsky's Cantata, except that there is an intrusive A flat (G sharp?) which is hard to place harmonically. Even locally, the harmony and the texture always lack – or avoids – the clarity of Stravinsky.

However, it must be said at once that the opera is very much more clearly articulated

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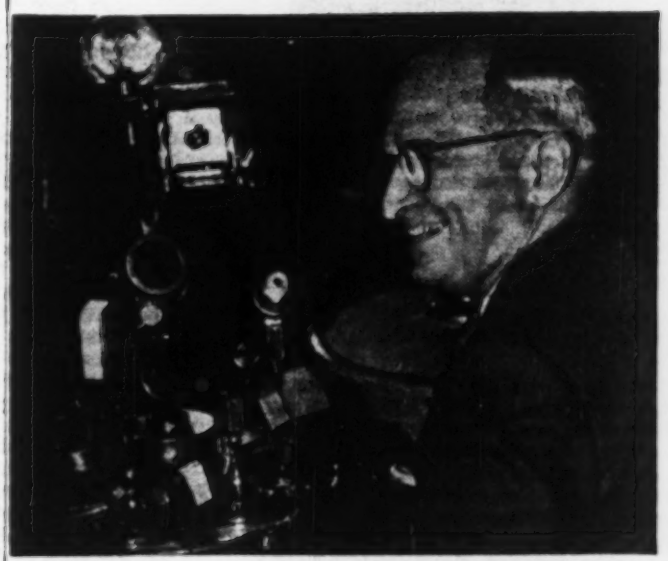

AN OLD CAMPAIGNER TAKES UP ARMS AGAIN

How does it feel to give up power and status as President of the United States and become a plain citizen again? Mr. Harry Truman answers this question with characteristic freshness and candour in his new book, now to be serialised in The Sunday Times.

The story opens with the palpable snub which, as Mr. Truman relates, was delivered to him by Mr. Eisenhower at the incoming President's Inauguration. But his pen is as sharp when he tells of his relationship with Adlai Stevenson as a potential Democratic candidate — criticism which bears directly on the Presidential election of 1960. Interspersed are lighter reminiscences of a vigorous, forthright, down-to-earth American.

Serialisation of Ex-President Truman's Memoirs begins on Sunday in the

SUNDAY TIMES

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than its predecessor. The timing, except for the last orchestral interlude, shows a much surer grasp of theatrical realities, and the voice and accompaniment texture is for the most part practical and well considered. The dedication of the opera to Stravinsky is justified, for Henze has learnt many valuable things from that master. He has of course still more to learn, especially in the cultivation of distinctive melody, but the continuing abundance of his invention gives promise for the future. But if he is to escape the fate of that prolific, gifted, and intelligent theatre composer Krenek, he has yet to find the secret of true integration. The powerful and mature ambivalences of Kleist's drama held an evident satisfaction for him, but such satisfactions cannot be continued indefinitely. Kleist resolved the battle with himself not only by poetry and invention, but also by an over-riding single-mindedness of purpose. Henze's great talent will, one hopes, find a similar purpose.

DAVID DREW

Stratford

THE revival of his 1958 production of *Twelfth Night* shows Peter Hall settling more comfortably than before on the throne of the Stratford Memorial Theatre. And it looks like being a good reign. When the season started, I suggested that his great virtue was his prime concern for Shakespeare's poetry. This means that the verse-speaking is neither hammed into rant and ripe elocutionism nor is it ironed out into prose; it is, instead, a medium for the feeling intelligence and demands nothing less from the actors. So the plays emerge less as galleries of types and characters than as creative statements, worlds of values. But at the same time, Hall is a great one for technical panache and high production: elaborate costumes and stage business, dim facades, period music – he profilerates the theatrical means into a kind of visual parallel of the play's complexities. The results are always striking but can easily slip into the fussy and merely ornamental.

Twelfth Night, however, is a good example of a production controlled by a critical reaction to the poetry. Like Lila de Nobili's Caroline costumes, it is geared to the play's faint air of over-lushness: speeches so cadenced and beautiful that the speakers sound as though they were not so much expressing what they felt as exploiting the moods they would like to feel, and jokes pushed so far that they slide close to brutality. Hall makes his cast keep tight control over the excesses. Derek Godfrey's Orsino is less romantic than romanticising, faintly comic under all his folds of dignity. Barbara Barnett tries to do the same for Olivia, but hasn't, for the time being, the acting resources; so she grimaces, twists her hands and bites her lip like some graceless Joyce Grenfell schoolgirl in fancy dress, more farce than fantasy and the only wrong note in the play. In contrast, Eric Porter as Malvolio resisted every easy temptation to parody the part: he was conceited, full of self-righteous Puritanism, insufferable in his way, but with an undercurrent of seriousness that made him genuinely moving at the end. In the same way, Patrick Wymark's Sir Toby Belch was tougher, more drunken, less amiable than the usual thigh-slapping chunk of Merrie England, and Ian Richardson managed to slow down Aguecheek so that he could be comic without ever twittering.

The prizes, however, go to Dorothy Tutin and Max Adrian. Miss Tutin has exactly the odd combination of sensibility and immaturity that Viola needs. She is bright and cheeky, yet full of feeling and poetry. Where her Portia lacked weight and substance, her Viola is simply light in touch, all youthful fine feeling and delicacy. She is the nearest one will probably see to the original conception of a boy-actor playing a girl playing a boy.

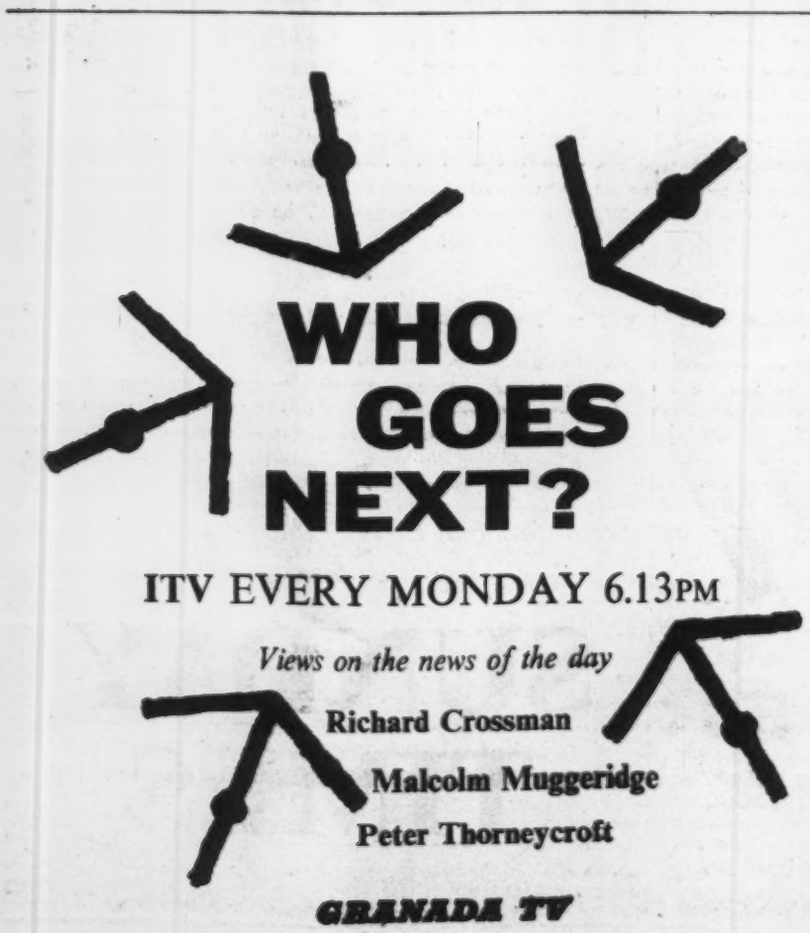
Max Adrian's Feste was the reverse of all this. No clown has ever been so melancholy. He hovered permanently on the edge of weeping, stricken, desolate, like King Lear after his madness. It seemed, heaven knows, disproportionate to the part, as though one had walked into the middle of things and missed a whole private tragedy. But granted Feste might conceivably be a man with a history – a neurotic case-history, in this instance – the rest came naturally and with extraordinary coherence of melancholy detail. And he certainly set the tone of the production: of comedy become wistful and enervated, of the lyric falling into the decadent, of jokes on the edge of turning sour. It was not for nothing that every scene was played through a filter of gauze drops; the play, too, came across darkened and unexpectedly serious. It was an impressive interpretation.

Ned Kelly (Theatre Royal, Stratford E.) should also have made important, exciting theatre. After all, it brought two myths together: Kelly's story which, only 80 years after his hanging, is already as mythic as Robin Hood's, and Joan Littlewood's directing which, even her detractors would admit, is another and genuine myth in the mock-heroic world of London theatre. The combination should have been overwhelming. It is not. Instead, it is the least successful Littlewood production I have yet seen.

Part of the blame belongs to James Clancy's play. It wanders from episode to episode without ever gathering dramatic speed. It is a kind of matey farce, wholly without tension and almost without excitement. The Kelly gang ambles cheerfully from scrape to scrape, picking their way through an obliging crowd of stage Irish (only two Australian accents among the lot) and pursued by a ludicrously incompetent band of Keystone Kops. The one moment when something of the imagination and fire and strange, tough intelligence of their leader comes across is when the author brings in one of Kelly's own letters. By then, it sounds out of place.

But most of the blame is Miss Littlewood's. The play seemed drastically under-rehearsed. So her off-hand, ad-libbing naturalistic style dissolved the dialogue into mere chatter and the drama into half-heard and half-hearted snatches of Irishism, vague, disorganised, diffused and painfully slow. It seemed an acknowledgement of failure that she scarcely used Kelly's terrifying home-made armour and had, instead, to bring a horse on stage to produce a tiny dramatic surprise. The best moment was the singing and dancing at the start. Perhaps time and cutting will pull the thing into a proper dramatic shape. But it will need a lot of both. As the Kelly brothers, Harry H. Corbett and Sean Lynch battle with spirit against odds as large as their originals ever faced, while Brian Murphy, Charles Stanley, Carol Ann Ford and Avis Bunnage bravely pass them the ammunition.

A. ALVAREZ



Selected Exhibitions

MORRIS LOUIS (ICA): First showing here of this American painter born in 1912: five large canvases with overlapping flat free shapes washed on with paint as transparent as the most transparent water-colour. I'm uncertain what to think of four of them, but not about the fifth, called *Libation*, which is 15 feet long by eight high and in imaginative scale about a mile high. After the shock of its first impact, I asked myself whether a painting that made such a powerful impression with a few simple forms painted so big and so thin could possibly have much more to give. I left it an hour later with reluctance, unnerved by the way it had gone on and on coming at me, and feeling something like awe that a statement so clear could contain such mystery and menace. It left me with the kind of exhilaration that I felt on first seeing Kline's image, or Rothko's, or de Staël's.

AUSTRIAN PAINTING AND SCULPTURE 1900 TO 1960 (Arts Council): 'The Arts Council welcomes this opportunity to show an exhibition of modern Austrian painting and sculpture. For too long our knowledge of their artists has been limited to a few, if distinguished, names, and too little is known of the general recent development of art in that country.' But this is all too literally true – their names are about all we do know even of the distinguished few: how many original paintings by Klimt or Schiele have we seen here? So the first business of the exhibition was to give us a clear idea of the art being produced in Austria at the time when this century's biggest revolutions in music and philosophy and psychology were going on there – not that the art wasn't impressive enough in its own right. There should have been plenty of Klimt and Schiele and Kokoschka, and something of Wiegele, Kolic, Faistauer, Kubin, etc – I have it on good authority that there could have been all this with a little trouble taken. As it is, there are a few tantalising samples of Klimt and Schiele, a token choice of Kokoschka's which is an insult to his reputation, nothing at all of the others. All but a score of the 120-odd works by nearly 50 artists date from the last 15 years. They are mostly mediocre, with too many pathetically provincial attempts at fashionable international styles, too many chi-chi pastiches of sixteenth-century fantastic painting, too much that is undeveloped. Two interesting figures emerge – Hundertwasser and Avramidis.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Justice to Wilde

Two Wilde films, as we know only too well, have been racing neck and neck: in time, *Oscar Wilde* won by a short head, but in very little else. It gets a run at the Carlton. *The Trials of Oscar Wilde* misses the West End, except for a charity matinee, and on 30 May goes into the ABC circuit; and is three times the film. Both cover almost precisely the same ground, from the first night of *Lady Windermere's Fan* to the release from prison and the departure for France.

Neither film, it seems to me, succeeds in what must be the primary object, to give a living picture of Wilde; though, let me add, both make a serious bid for the portrait and the facts. Robert Morley in *Oscar Wilde* presents a portly middle-aged gentleman, first whimsical and then stunned; Peter Finch in *The Trials* is about right for age, but aiming at poise and integrity misses the fascination. I can't accept one or the other as Wilde – admittedly a very difficult part – a man who must have been dazzling, affected, affectionate, a diamond master of wit, and a slave to the paste in poetry. *Salome*, his letters, *Dorian Gray*, prove the last. Not enough of this complex character, tried first by success and then the heaviest disgrace, comes out in either portraiture. There is something both weightless and heavy in Wilde: witness his champagne words and the sulky cherub's mouth and hung jaw below. Once, in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, he struck perfect balance; and his conversation must often have skimmed the same heights.

Wilde amused, fascinated: Mr Morley and Mr Finch don't. The epigrams are stuck to them like the balloons in cartoons; they merely relay something already in print. This is honest but not very enlivening. They're rather busy also, both of them, *not* giving way to an original they don't want to stick to. They're cautious, afraid; and that makes them better in decline than in soaring. But the triumph of Wilde is essential to the tragedy.

That tragedy is best conveyed in *The Trials of Oscar Wilde*, which has a demoniac Queensberry (Lionel Jeffries), a bewitchingly nasty Lord Alfred (John Fraser), and a definably solid Oscar in Peter Finch. Here also conscience admits the persecution and the bad law involved, and colour lights up the background. Its chief faults are that in success Wilde does not glitter to the pitch of his words, that the film tries melodramatically to heighten its later stages.

Oscar Wilde has the advantage of Robert Morley delivering the famous Love-that-dare-not-speak-its-name better than does Peter Finch; otherwise one trial is dropped, the drama is narrower and less vital, and Richardson's Carson doesn't make up for courtroom scenes less complete and less holding.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Orpheus in the Underworld, at Sadler's Wells

This revival is what is usually known as a 'romp'; if Beerbohm Tree had not patented the gag 50 years ago, Wendy Toye might have retitled it 'Orpheus in the Underground'. As it is, she stages the mass descent into Hades as a trip on the Inner Circle, and generally makes light of any frontier dividing Second Empire France from modern Britain. Fortunately, the production is so robust and firmly rooted in period that it can withstand stylistic licence. Miss Toye has the best of both worlds: while allowing Offenbach to ridicule the conventions of *opera seria* and up-end the legend into Feydeau farce, she can safely launch sorties of her own – advancing Calliope (Anna Pollak) to the stage of intimate revue, and revving up the gallop into jazz tempo. Offenbach still has the best jokes: there is nothing new to rival his wicked stroke of bringing the mother-fixated violinist into the presence of the immortals with a quotation from Gluck.

The broad effect is one of fairground vulgarity held in check by Geoffrey Dunn's elegant translation and by the music – style is fully in control there. Alexander Faris gets a sharply-phrased, agile reading from the orchestra, and June Bronhill, Eric Schilling, and Alan Crofoot sing buoyantly within the sparkling confines of the idiom. They are not vaudeville performers, and a certain uncomfortable element of *commedia dell'arte*-cum- Green Room Rag creeps into the proceedings. Malcolm Pride's sets improve steadily throughout the evening.

I. W.

Correspondence

DEFENCE AFTER BLUE STREAK

SIR, – Defence today is complex. As an ordinary member of the Labour Party who studies the subject, I am interested to see how simple Messrs Crossman and Wigg make it sound. Socialists are not interested in defence problems. The job of trying to interest them is not made easier when articles are written which mistake assumptions for axioms.

The article in question has two main assumptions which masquerade in this way. First, it is said that Britain no longer has an effective independent nuclear deterrent. 'Effective' is a relative term. In some cases Britain's nuclear weapons would not deter. Russia could probably cripple us without retaliation if she attacked without warning. By the same token, Russia and the United States could do this to each other. A bolt from the blue is, however, unlikely, given the present and probable future state of world affairs. What is possible – although also unlikely – is a period of growing tension, during which it might be thought necessary to alert our deterrent forces. These almost certainly have sufficient effectiveness to pose a retaliatory threat to Russia that might change her ruler's mind about the advantage of settling a dispute by a nuclear strike.

Secondly, the authors declare Britain's conventional forces to be inadequate without mobilisation of reserves for dealing with a 'secondary crisis'. This assumption is only partially true. It is true that the record on raising and maintaining adequate conventional forces is extremely poor, that there is still insufficient recognition of this fact, and that many units today are understrength and badly equipped. Numerically, however, British forces could be adequate if their deployment was related to their probable main function in the years ahead. This will not be to fight a conventional war; this illusion is still curiously persistent on left and right. Another Korea is as unlikely a contingency as nuclear annihiliation. The principal function of British forces will surely be to deal with just those crises of the type mentioned in the article, for which large forces will not only be unnecessary but could be politically embarrassing. To drag in a plea for selective service is to introduce an irrelevant element into the debate.

Finally, if Crossman and Wigg were really consistent, they would say that Britain should destroy her nuclear weapons. One wonders why this course is not proposed.

A. VERRIER

AFTER THE SUMMIT

SIR, – It is perhaps no exaggeration to call it a matter of life and death to be clear about what has happened and draw correct conclusions about what we ought to do. Here are some flat statements, all of which I can back with chapter and verse:

(1) The Soviet government wants peace and disarmament, for urgent economic and human survival reasons.

(2) It will use force to back its own view of its vital interests and rights, like any other great power in the conditions of international anarchy to which we have returned. But it does not consider spreading revolution to other countries by force of Soviet arms a vital interest. On the contrary, it repudiates that doctrine and believes the revolution will spread by the action of the workers in each country, inspired by the example and success of the USSR and her associates. The USSR will not use force or risk war for ideological purposes, but only to 'defend' its vital interests.

(3) Krushchev has tried long and hard to reconcile Soviet and Western interest by compromise and conciliation, and had staked his future on the Summit Conference at least stopping tests, making a start with disarmament, and easing the situation over Berlin.

(4) The US resumption of nuclear tests killed the first hope. The insistence of the West on a 'disarmament' plan in which the first stage called for a control organisation accompanied by no disarmament, killed the second. Since Adenauer's visit in March the US attitude hardened against any negotiation about the status of Berlin, contrary to what Mr K had been given to understand at Camp David. That killed the last hope of any real negotiations.

(5) Then came the U2, Secretary of State Herter's claim that the US was entitled, in violation of international law, to protect the free world – whether they liked it or not and at the imminent risk of annihilation without representation – from the alleged but wholly mythical danger of a 'surprise attack'. K, still hoping against hope, said he was sure the President knew nothing about it and wanted peace. The President thereupon endorsed Mr Herter's claim.

(6) This, wrote Walter Lippmann (*New York Herald Tribune*, European Edition 18 May) 'was a fatal mistake. For it made it impossible for Mr K to bypass the affair. Had he done that he would have been in a position of acknowledging to the world, to the Soviet people, to his critics within the Soviet Union, and to his Communist allies, that he had surrendered to the United States the right to violate Soviet territory. No statesman can live in any country after making such an admission.'

We know the result. What we ought to do, as the Labour Party with the responsibility of HM Opposition, is to (a) say we agree with Mr Hammarskjöld, the Sec. Gen. of the UN, that the real danger is war by accident, not deliberate attack, and the more we prepare against the imaginary danger with arms and alliances, the greater becomes the real danger. Therefore the time has come to repudiate the exploded fallacy of the balance of power and take our stand on the Charter, which assumes an over-riding common interest in averting war among the permanent members of the Security Council. (b) Recognise that Labour's 'peaceful coexistence' policies provide an acceptable basis of negotiation with the Soviet Union, where the American (and that goes for their Tory stooges here) 'containment by Communism' policies are unnegotiable. (c) Agree with George Brown that in reassessing Labour's defence policy we must never forget that defence is but the arm of foreign policy, and with Mr Gaitskell and John Strachey that Britain in the US alliance without nuclear weapons of her own is in a position of total dependence on the US, which may result in the latter forcing policies on us with which we disagree and which could land us in war (this was always true, and the idea that we ever were or could be a 'serious' nuclear power was always nonsense).

Therefore the Labour Party leaders should oppose the government's policy of more arms, tighter alliances, and unlimited subservience to the US, and demand renunciation of nuclear weapons, prohibition of their use from British territory, and a refusal to be committed to war by allies who will not come to terms with us on how to make peace.

K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons

SIR, – The failure of the Summit Conference is not very surprising. It is difficult to believe that the coming together of a lot of important statesmen, who have made up their minds in advance on nearly all the issues to be discussed, could have led to any very constructive agreement. There is a danger, however, that the failure of the conference may lead to an intensification of the Cold War and a widening of the areas of conflict and, therefore, urgent consideration should be given to the practical measures which can be advocated by the British government now and which it can perhaps do something about itself.

I suggest that one of such issues which should be taken up is that of China. In the first place, the British government can do a great deal to improve its relations with the Chinese government and to promote trade and intercourse between the people of China and the United Kingdom. We should advocate that the British government should on all occasions vote in favour of the true Chinese government taking its seat at international conferences and that the farce of the government of Formosa masquerading as the government of China should be ended. We might hope that a firm policy by the British government on these lines would in due course influence the United States. It is not surprising that the Chinese government feels very bitter about its isolation. *The Times* for 18 May reports that the United States delegate, when objecting to the People's Republic of China being represented at the fourth international conference on safety of life at sea, said that the conference could not seat representatives of a government which departed so widely from the normal rules of international conduct. It is scarcely for the United States to make such remarks.

It will take years in any event for China to overcome her resentment and suspicion of the West and, the sooner she is brought back into international society and treated as a normal respectable state, the sooner this process of change can start. By taking action on certain specific issues such as the above, the British government will be able in the immediate future to do a great deal to improve the atmosphere which may otherwise deteriorate.

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UNITY AMONG TEACHERS

SIR, – In this correspondence there are so many questions going begging that the place looks rather like Hamilton House on a flag-day for Under-Paid Teachers. Take, as one sitting up prettily all over the floor, the assumption that teaching is a 'profession' in any way comparable to that of the law and medicine.

'Surely', pleads Mr Jarvis, head of publicity for the NUT, 'the chief difference between teachers and doctors and lawyers is precisely that the latter are members of a united body able to speak with one voice and imposing a code observed by every member of the profession, and teachers are not.'

This is just not true, the chief difference being between the standards of professional training and competence.

Most of the 256,000 teachers employed in maintained schools have done a two-year course at a training college, admission to which can be gained with five passes at 'O' level in the GCE. Nearly 30,000 merely did a nine-month course under the Emergency Training Scheme, with an even lower admission qualification, and there are more than 36,000 with no teacher training of any kind. In other words, one in four teachers has trained either for less than a year, or not at all. As for academic standards, less than one in five has either a degree or its equivalent.

Even nurses, tool-makers, and wood-machinists train for five years or more. But would, at a higher level, the RIBA register a man as an architect who had merely done two years at a local school of building? Would the Law Society recognize as competent a solicitor who had completed a nine-month course? And would the BMA allow 36,000 completely untrained men and women to impose on the public as 'doctors'?

And yet, by continually using the word 'profession', teachers are attempting the old dodge of reform by nomenclature, being convinced that if only they can get their occupation called a 'profession' they will automatically win 'professional status', with all the prestige (not to mention 'professional remuneration') that goes with it. But such status has to be achieved by recognition of professional standards and conduct, not by ritual incantation of the magic word, and setting up 'an all-embracing professional organisation.'

Let them first earn such recognition. In the meantime it remains true that if they go on making enough noise about it they will convince other people of their real status as they have already convinced themselves, but, in doing this, they will only succeed in classing themselves with professional footballers and snooker-players.

G. W. TARGET

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SIR, – The real obstacle to unity is that the one thing that all teachers from primary school to university should have in common – the ability to teach – is of little significance professionally and is despised socially.

GEORGE R. MITTON

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Castlegate
York

THE VOICE OF THE YOB

SIR, – I find it difficult to understand why Mr Kerridge enthuses, as far as his more-than-medieval, and so English, conformity allows him to enthuse, when his fraternity steers left in politics, when, as Mr Feakins begins to point out, he and his kind are victims, no less than the 'English working man, with his beer, pools and telly' whom Mr Kerridge despises, of the commercialism and hidden mass-persuasion that constitute one of the main facets of Tory society. After all, are not the 'beer, pools and telly' and Mr Kerridge's 'coffee-bar society' (I hope the *Tatler* knows about this one) different sides of

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Whit Sunday, June 5th, The Bell, Upminster, 9 a.m.

Whit Monday, June 6th, Marine Parade, Leigh-on-Sea, 12.30 p.m.

Rally: Speaker's Corner, Nr. Kursal, Southend, 2 to 3 p.m.; Foulness, 7 p.m.

WESTMINSTER

Caxton Hall, 1st June, 7.30 p.m.

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P. M. SHELDON-WILLIAMS (Pros. Lib. Cand. Billericay)
SUSAN ASQUITH (Young Conservatives)
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List from 12-14 *Carlisle Street London W1*

André Deutsch

the coin of apathetic conformity and fear of outstandingness? He and his comrades may like to think, for instance, that they determine what anaemic tunes with moron words shall become the top twenty, but in their music, their dress, their coffee and their coffee-bars they are, by their gregarious submissive fear of originality, just as much as the hire-purchase prisoners, the mass-persuaded buyers of over-priced soap powders and the weekly battlers against loaded dice, the dupes of 'enterprise' to which Conservatism has given so free a hand.

PETER A. ROYLE

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DEATH ON THE ROADS

SIR, – All that Mr F. S. Cole's letter amounts to is a statement that the motorcar is permissive of evil. I have been driving for thirty-two years, I have driven almost every kind of vehicle, I even once earned my living for a few weeks as a lorry driver, I have driven thousands of miles in most European countries and in America. And I believe that Mr Cole is mistaken. There are such wicked drivers as he describes, but I do not believe that they are very numerous. Neither they, nor high speeds, nor, excepting as a contributory factor, ill-designed roads, are to blame for accidents. The principal causes are, I think, two: unskilful driving; and cars which are not good enough.

As to the first: driving requires precisely the same qualities as certain ball-games: good co-ordination of hands, eyes and feet; and constant practice. Now, nobody expects every man who takes up golf or cricket or tennis to be able to become as good as a professional. Very good athletes are born as well as made. So are good drivers. Most drivers will always be relatively awkward. There is nothing to be done about this short of refusing to issue licences to anyone below professional standards, that is, abandoning the motorcar as a means of private transport.

As to the second, it seems to occur to nobody that if you want a car which can be driven safely at, say, eighty miles an hour, and that is your principal requirement, then you buy a sports car. And it costs you a great deal more than an ordinary car. It does so because it is not merely capable of going very fast, but actually designed to do so; its springing, steering, brakes are all above the family-car standard. But family cars are all now capable of very high speeds and are driven at such speeds by the semi-skilled amateur driver. I have an idea that a great many accidents could be eliminated if it were illegal to make and sell a car which was less good in its design and equipment than it is scientifically possible for a car to be. The objection, of course, is that to sell in tens of thousands or hundreds of thousands, cars must be built down to a price. Well, you can't have it both ways.

Let's face it: while everybody who can pass the ridiculously easy driving test is allowed a licence, death on the roads is unavoidable. It is astonishing and gratifying to find oneself in agreement with the Archbishop of Canterbury, but I believe he has said the most sensible thing about this problem: the majority of drivers are amateurs.

EDWARD HYAMS

Molash,
Canterbury

WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD

SIR, – Mr Ziman has rushed in and trodden heavily on a proposition around which some of us have been pussyfooting lightly for some time. Sad to say he adopts the classic pose of the modern scientists and finds it all rather a joke. He is condescending enough to allow some coincidences and analogies, but supposes that any connection between art and science may result from 'the best artists' having 'caught on to some of the cruder and more popularised themes in physics.' In fact, it is unlikely that they did, for there is no evidence that John Berger's major 'coincidence', which produced Cubism and the Theory of Relativity in the same decade, resulted from an interplay between the two separate creative activities. There is no conscious bridging of the gap and Mr Ziman is probably right when he says that no single mind exists which can do it at a stroke. Perhaps not, but the interesting question is, can a climate of ideas be brought into existence which can create such a bridge?

It is not valuable to make Berger's thesis an Aunt Sally because the bridge is not in existence at the moment. It has been and when Mr Ziman uses the suggestion that there is nothing 'new' in what Berger is proposing, he strengthens rather than invalidates the thesis. He points out that such analogies and coincidences have 'had their influence on artists in the past long before they were seen to be significant in science'. Of course they have. There have been periods when the physical sciences, and mathematics in particular, were the joint provice of the artist and the scientist and far from its being the sort of parlour game Mr Ziman suggests, each gained from this pooling of thought. Mathematics is not a discipline which has crept insidiously into modern art. It has been there all along. The artist has often seen his function to be the creation of order and, although it is (I believe) a law of physics that absolute order is unattainable, the Florentines assumed that visual images could be perfectly ordered and that by cross reference to mathematics, notably the theory of polyhedra and perspective systems based on Euclidean optics and geometry, they could prove systems of proportion to which the Neo-Pythagoreans gave a mystical divinity in their search for an absolute. These proofs they called *certezze* or certainties and these systems dominated Florentine art for most of the century which preceded the climax of Leonardo's achievement. They led, one assumes, to some scientific attainment as well.

One of the issues underlying the present dilemma of the artist is his lack of *certezze*, for he trusts no more implicitly in his subjective sensations than did his predecessors. But since the scientific revolution, such a vast field of knowledge and speculation exists that the artist cannot cover it – and is willing to come, cap in hand, to the scientist, all ragged in his ignorance. It is a pity if the artist is to receive only an indulgent smile, which is what Mr Ziman seems to be giving him.

Point after point in Mr Ziman's argument is wide open to valuable debate, the more so because he claims no serious knowledge of painting and confirms the accuracy of this claim at such length. But the point at issue is surely not whether Berger's proposition is a causal law or wishful thinking, it is that such thinking is worth not only wishing, but extending; and there are sufficient coincidences and analogies of consequence, in the twin creativities, to make even a common-law marriage fruitful.

It is not an *aesthetic* justification of modern art that is our concern, writing from the side of painting, for aesthetics are matters of taste. It is a desire for the clarification and extension and potency of imagery which makes some painters wish to *connect*. Let us, by all means, have a demarcation dispute if only to breach the undesirable frontier.

MICHAEL AYRTON

RHODESIAN CRISIS

SIR, – Let me hasten to apologise to Professor Creighton, whose letter in your 21 May issue shows how much he dislikes my review of 'A New Deal in Central Africa', for a horrible typographical slip which gave the year of the Southern Rhodesian emergency as 1958 instead of '59. He himself says it occurred in March. It was February, actually.

I have only myself to blame for appearing 'captious, inchoate and ill-informed', particularly the latter, for I was in Rhodesia, watching the balloon go up at very close quarters, for almost three years up till last December. I don't recall bumping into Professor Creighton very often, but perhaps he wasn't enjoying a sabbatical year during my extended period. Anyhow, the wind of change, blowing at gale force, has carried that balloon conspicuously off the course plotted by the book I reviewed. 'No one', writes Professor Creighton, 'with any knowledge at all of the subject can possibly believe that the premises and statistics which applied to Central Africa in September 1959 are one whit the less applicable in May 1960'. Well, here am I for one, with a great deal more first-hand, up-to-date experience than is available in this country and I do believe just that. I am convinced, for instance, that last year's 'fancy franchises' will not be worn by the Africans of 1960, witness Kenya, and that publishers and writers of 'contemporary' African studies ought to recognise that they are near dead before they are born.

Perhaps I was unfair to Clutton-Brock, and his piece is lively and well done. But those on the spot are so familiar with 'detainees' stories as to find any further instalment otiose. Dr Chidzero's saving clause about only two African secondary schools capable of meeting the entrance requirements of the University College does not save him from at least fifty per cent inaccuracy. Here are the names of four such schools: Munali, Dedza, Goromonzi, Fletcher High School, with the Salisbury and Bulawayo African Secondary Schools well advanced towards meeting the requirements, and Umtali under way. There are also one or two state-aided Mission Schools at least in the running.

My review was conditioned by first-hand knowledge that the 'facts and stats' in this book are now, many of them obsolete. Mr Leys, whose other work is a model of accuracy, seemed not to have realised how fast events are moving in Africa and has allowed himself to be responsible for statements that are simply out of date. Admittedly, there must be a gap between writing and publishing. I suggest that Mr Leys could have verified and updated the book before passing his final proofs.

DENIS GRUNDY

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ACROBAT ADMITS

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HEINEMANN

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Supreme Consultant

At the beginning of this century Britain came as near to rule by Platonic philosopher-kings as she is ever likely to get. Between the landed aristocracy and gentry who dominated the nineteenth century and the business-men who have reigned during the twentieth – between Salisbury, let us say, and Baldwin – there came a generation of political sports. These men were *philosophes* born a century after their time. They saw government in terms, not of the establishment, protection and reconciliation of interests, but of the implementation of certain ideals. The ideals they professed ranged from the democratic socialism of the Fabians to the imperialism of Milner and his 'nursery', but the men themselves shared many common characteristics. Personally in easy circumstances, through inherited wealth or mastery of a lucrative profession, they were at once detached and earnest. Their skill at the game of politics was sometimes indifferent, but in their attempts to reshape society they were dauntless. Many had been educated at Jowett's Balliol. A large number enrolled under the banners of the Liberal Party and dominated the great ministry of 1906; and it was not entirely their fault that, while they were pursuing the Good Society, England should have been brought to the verge of civil war. There was about these men a largeness of vision which, in retrospect at least, distinguishes them from such comparable figures as the Frankses, the Monckton, and the Wolfendens of today. Only in the writings and conversation of a few great survivors – Lord Samuel, Lord Beveridge, Professor Tawney – can we still catch something of the spirit in which this generation set about its work.

Among this group Richard Burdon Haldane stands by himself, a lonely, rather mysterious figure, his isolation paralleling that of his Conservative counterpart and contemporary, Arthur James Balfour. Like Balfour, Haldane never married. Like him, he retained throughout his life a profound interest in philosophy, writing works on the subject which still command the attention of metaphysicians. But temperament and background combined to range the two philosophers in political opposition.

If the philosophy of the aristocratic, Cambridge-bred Balfour led him to try to understand the world, it never tempted him to change it. Haldane, the bourgeois Scot, reared at Edinburgh and Göttingen, was filled with too vivid an apprehension of the Hegelian ideal world to abstain from using his powerful mind to transform the real one; and the extent to which he achieved his object is only now being dimly realised. In centuries to come historians may single out Haldane, as Dr Elton has singled out Thomas Cromwell, as the significant figure in a huge and silent administrative revolution which has transformed the whole nature of British society.

Haldane played little part in the immediate storms which convulsed Edwardian society. Neither in the budget controversy nor over Ireland nor in the field of social reform was he a central figure, although on all these issues he had sagacious comments to make. Like a good Hegelian, he was concerned rather with questions basic to the nature and survival of the State itself, questions which the British people were – and still are – notoriously unwilling to face: in particular the problem of higher education, and the problem of national defence. Over these issues Haldane brooded influentially for a quarter of a century. It was these questions more than any other that determined his political allegiance, and he allowed no party ties to impede his freedom of action in forwarding them. He broke with the Liberal Party in 1921 because it seemed to him lukewarm over the cause of education, and brought his prodigious talents to strengthen the first Labour administration; and one of his prime objects in joining that administration, as he frankly told Ramsay MacDonald, was to watch over and develop the machinery of the Committee of Imperial Defence, and ensure, so far as he could, that the Labour Government did not neglect that vital part of the state mechanism as had the Campbell-Bannerman administration in 1906. This concern with long-term issues, sometimes to the exclusion of more urgent questions of party policy, made Haldane an uneasy colleague. He was a great cross-bencher, 'the supreme consultant', as Mr Sommer neatly defines him.* Such detachment did not make for popularity: the Northcliffes and Bottomleys did not *want* to be ruled by philosophers, least of all Hegelians. But Haldane continued to plough his lonely furrow and equably to accept abuse, slander and misunderstanding as the inevitable lot of the just man who abandons the solitary pleasures of philosophical speculation and descends into the dust of the market-place to rule mortal men.

The apparent incongruity of Haldane's first ministerial appointment, as Secretary of State for War, was grimly noted by Campbell-Bannerman, himself friendly neither to Haldane nor to the Army: 'We shall now see how Schopenhauer gets on in the Kailyard'. But it was only to the British mind that there seemed anything strange about the juxtaposition of metaphysical speculation and national defence. Haldane knew how close the connection had been between Kantian philosophy and the objects of the great Prussian military reformers, Scharnhorst and Clausewitz, and he undertook his task of building a 'Hegelian Army' in much the same spirit as they. Like them, he had to create a force of minimum cost in time of peace and maximum efficiency in time of war; but unlike them, and unlike his less happy successor Hore-Belisha, he succeeded in doing so without antagonising the suspicious, proud and opinionated soldiers with whom he had to work. It was an admiral, not a general, who described him as 'that oily old Jesuit who sits on the Woolsack'. Henry Wilson, it is true, might not have disdained the phrase; but Douglas Haig spoke more truly for his colleagues and for the nation with his famous, if misreported, visit to the fallen minister in 1919 and his dedication of his Despatches to 'the greatest Secretary of State for War England has ever had'. If Castlereagh and Cardwell be excepted, the field of Haldane's rivals might seem unimpressive, full as it is of transient, embarrassed and unsuccessful figures. But the problem which War Ministers had to solve then was, as it is now, an impossible one. How could *any* Minister persuade a pacific, lazy and parsimonious people, anxious mainly for prestige on the cheap, to maintain a military establishment capable at once of policing a huge empire and of maintaining a front-rank position in a Europe whose Great Powers could put into the field armies numbering millions in a matter of days? Haldane himself did not solve it. He created the BEF and the Territorial Army. The first, at his own wish, was used, not as a cadre for a larger national force, but as a fighting unit, and little remained of it after First Ypres. The latter was ignored by Kitchener, Haldane's own selection as War Minister in 1914. Between the Haldane reforms and the military establishment with which Britain fought through the First World War the connection was very slight. His concept of a small, highly-trained professional force backed up by a second-line army of enthusiastic amateurs was realistic in terms of Edwardian society; but it bore little relation, as Roberts saw and as Kitchener saw, to the iron demands which the twentieth century made on any nation which claimed the status of a Great Power.

It is by his tenure at the War Office that Haldane is chiefly remembered. The slower, vaster, less conspicuous work which he undertook to transform the higher education of Britain is, save among the universities which revere him as a founding father, nearly forgotten; and one of the great merits of Mr Sommer's book is to remind us of that achievement. Detached and philosophic Haldane may have been, but at least he had not been disqualified, as had so many of his contemporaries, by a public-school and Oxbridge education from understanding the needs and dangers of the complicated urban society which was growing up around him. For him the function of the universities was not to train an elite of golden youth, but to educate the sons and daughters of the nation, and to educate them, as much as anything else, in the technical and scientific skills which must increasingly shape the national life. Not for him Balfour's Souls or Jowett's Guardians; for him, rather, the hard, drab, fruitful work with the Universities of Manchester, of Liverpool, of Reading, of Nottingham; with the Institute of Adult Education; with the Imperial College of Science and Technology; above all with that inert academic jellyfish the University of London, the in-

* *Haldane of Cloan: His Life and Times.* By Dudley Sommer. *Allen & Unwin.* 42*s.*

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vigoration of which was perhaps his most remarkable monument. If we have a national university system remotely comparable with those of Europe and North America, if our scientific education has in the least kept pace with that of Germany, Switzerland or the United States, it is to Haldane more than to any other single man that our thanks are due.

The list of his achievements does not end there. Haldane's work, through the Reconstruction Committee on the Machinery of Government, was possibly as influential on the structure of public administration and on government procedure as were his activities in the field of higher education; to which we could further add his part in forming the Committee of Civil Research, linking these two spheres of interest on the lines of a third, the Committee of Imperial Defence. How can such a Leviathan be drawn out by any literary hook? Mr Sommer does not fully succeed in doing it, and in trying, surely unnecessarily, to write a history of Haldane's times as well as his life he makes his task still more difficult. But the attempt is gallant: the book is balanced and informative, and full of new material from Haldane's own papers and those of his friends. And it is timely that we should be reminded how an earlier generation grappled, in a perplexity no less than our own, with two of the most intractable problems which still beset us: how a society devoted to the pursuit of material welfare can create either a system of higher learning, or a pattern of national defence, at all compatible with its needs.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Culag Pier

A moderate jargon – winches, cries in Gaelic,
Cordage against the sky: most moderate when
A gull slews in with icefloes in his eyes
And a seal of crimson dapper on his beak;
A frosty distance follows where he flies.

Yet see him, pick-and-run, as he hauls a herring
Through slats of a fishbox, ululating oaths
In a sort of Eskimo at whatever stands
Between his greed and his belly – see him swerving
Out of infinity, steered by guts and glands.

The moderate jargon takes the two things in –
The winged etcetera in his etcetera wastes
Or smalltown gangster pillaging a slum –
And, puffing incense of brine and oily iron,
Jubilates briskly of its kingdom come.

The moderation is, of course, no mask.
Grace is hilarity; and this scene has
Good nature, in two meanings, as its meaning,
Where a transcendence feeds on guts and makes
No bones of it, nor thinks it worth the screening.

And the observing mind, in it own sun,
Takes it as so. Bright baskets swing between
The darkness and the light and herrings go
Where they could not have guessed in their broad ocean;
And ropes seem tangled, but they are not so.

NORMAN MACCAIG

Mr K

Krushchev: The Road to Power. By GEORGE PALOCZI-HORVATH. *Secker & Warburg.* 30s.

Communism, as a theory, denies that individual men can alter the course of history. But Communism, as a system of government, gives more power to individual men than any system since the death of Mahomet. Lenin and Stalin were not only the absolute rulers of Russia, backed by a huge machine of repression and propaganda. They were also the infallible popes of Marxism: king and priest in one. Have they a successor? Does Krushchev, too, hold the keys of the Marxist heaven and hell? Has he absolute power over the Russian people? If not, will he acquire it? If so, what use will he make of it?

The collapse of the Summit meeting has made these questions even more urgent than they were before. Did Krushchev torpedo the Paris talks because he wanted to, or because he had to? Did he come to Paris with the deliberate intention of wrecking the conference he had tried so hard to get, or did he act on the impulse of the moment? The answers depend not only on the power situation in the Kremlin (about which we know little), but on Krushchev's personality (about which we know less).

Mr Paloczi-Horvath shows – and it is perhaps the most solid conclusion in his book – that we lack even the most ordinary information from which an interpretation of Krushchev's personality could be made. For the sovietologist must make his bricks, not only without straw, but almost without clay. Nothing is known of Krushchev's early life. Next to nothing is known of his public career, until after Stalin's death. The first 130 pages of Mr Paloczi-Horvath's book are almost pure speculation. Most of what he tells us we know already, or could have guessed. Krushchev came of peasant stock, spent most of his life as one of the organisation men of the Communist apparatus, and by the time Stalin died he had already risen almost to the top of the Soviet pyramid.

To do this, he must have been ruthless, self-disciplined, and above all, adaptable. He must have had the nerves of an acrobat, and the capacity for intrigue of a Renaissance prince. That much is obvious. It is much harder to identify his real beliefs, or even his ambitions. Mr Polaczi-Horvath's picture of them is clear and consistent. It will probably be widely accepted. Krushchev, he argues, was made by the Party. It was the Party which picked him out of obscurity, educated him and taught him to think. It was in the Party's service that his life was spent, and it is to the Party's support that he owes his power now. In contrast to the technocrats and bureaucrats of Soviet society, he is a 'verbocrat': he owes all he has to his ability to juggle with Marxist Holy Writ. Unlike Malenkov or Mikoyan, he is at heart a believer – and an orthodox, Stalinist believer at that. His concessions to anti-Stalinist feeling were forced on him by his rivals in the Kremlin. Even his secret speech to the Twentieth Congress was made under duress. His enemies forced him to denounce Stalin because they feared he might become a second Stalin himself. Ever since the speech was made, he has been trying to undo its effects – with alarming success.

Orthodox at home, he is equally orthodox abroad. For him, peaceful co-existence is a tactical move, not a strategic retreat. Like

Stalin, he aims at the triumph of Soviet communism over the rest of the world. He thinks the triumph can come peacefully, only because he thinks the West is bound to be divided against itself. Hence, Mr Paloczi-Horvath implies, the West must constantly demonstrate that it is not divided. It must counter the intensive Soviet propaganda campaign in the uncommitted world with an equally intensive propaganda campaign of its own. Then, even Krushchev's *apparatchiki* may see that their dogma is wrong.

But can the West launch such a propaganda campaign? The great virtue about an open society is that it has no messianic creed. If it had, it would no longer be open. In any case, Soviet *apparatchiki* are more likely to learn from their experience inside the Soviet Union than from anything the West does. Already, they seem to have learned that it is better for them, as well as for everyone else, to live under a dictator who merely exiles his rivals without killing them. In time they may realise that it is better still not to have a dictator at all. Under Stalin, dictatorship was the necessary condition for Communist rule. If the Soviet people had been able to vote, the Communist *apparatchiki* would have lost power. But in ten years' time, this may no longer be true – not, that is, if Krushchev succeeds in raising the standard of living. In spite of the setback at Paris, the West should try to make it possible for Mr Krushchev to do this. The more popular Communism becomes in Russia, the better for the West.

DAVID MARQUAND

The Old Covered Wagon

The Third Rose. BY JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 35*s.*

The first decades of this century saw, in literature, the rise of hard reading. There was an attack on the eyes, partly prompted by the attempt to keep up with the revolution in painting. Joyce, Wyndham Lewis (as a novelist) and finally Gertrude Stein, built their huge prose factories, in which critics still profitably toil, but which are beyond the comprehension of the reader who is not technically equipped. All are read about more than read. All, except Gertrude Stein, made something of experiment. Hers failed. It was an intellectual failure. With appalling egotism and earnestness she went into production, turning out something like 30 volumes of more or less undecipherable privacy. Joyce can be interpreted; learning quickly unlocks Pound; Wyndham Lewis's explosions can be taken a page at a time, for his destructive art is pictorial; if anyone is a cubist it is he, and he added to the resources of satire. Gertrude Stein failed at being a cubist and is closed to us. A few lyrical felicities can be picked up in a page or two; beyond that is suffocation, except in one of her books where she lapsed into the engaging chatter of the *Autobiography of Alice Toklas*, written (as Mr Brinnin says in this study) in 'its wise-child style, its self-centred recall and its maternal murmur'.

Why did she fail? She sought to practise writing in the sense of two other media, painting and the cinema. She thought that the hard images and constructions of paint and the succession of images in the film could be transposed in writing; that words could be artefacts without association. We know – but why did she not know? – that one art cannot assume the material and means of another, at any rate except in a small degree and with

DUDLEY SOMMER
Haldane of Cloan
'excellent biography . . . a wise cautionary tale. I hope it will be widely read.' – HAROLD NICOLSON.
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ROUTLEDGE
and Kegan Paul

eccentric and embarrassing results. Why did she not achieve even these? Mr Brinnin's narrative amusingly collects the many attempts that people made to define what she was up to, from the socialite trumpetings of Mabel Dodge to the evasions of Mr T. S. Eliot; and himself gets into the deep undergrowth of the Twenties with phrases like 'an apprehension of process composed of perspectives and integers in a continuum'. Even he, who boasts that he responds to her 'instinctively' without worrying, as so many people did, to 'understand' gets considerably bogged down. I think Thornton Wilder who, like Carl Van Vechten, remained a life-long friend, answered our question when he said that 'the fundamental preoccupation of Miss Stein's life was not the work of art but the shaping of a theory of knowledge, a theory of time and a theory of the passions'. In short, whatever else she was as she sat jotting her things down in the T model Ford called Godiva, or sat up all night in the Rue Fleurus, filling up her cupboard with manuscripts no one could understand, she was not an artist. We may think Joyce's experiment in *Finnegans Wake* is an aberration but it is the work of an artist, not a theoretician. It was hard luck that she was one of William James's favourite pupils. Yet, we must grant that, in the narrow if exalted sense of her time, 'the way in which she maintained integrity of life – the artist's life – was her real and resounding influence'.

Resound she did. Only Dr Johnson – one obituary said – could resound back at her in the Elysian fields. And here, in all that is anecdotal and biographical, Mr Brinnin has a splendid time with a subject that he can alternately bully, tease and love. There is something efficient, bold and engaging about the way Gertrude and her brother Leo, 'a gentle Hebraic ram', came to Paris and shrewdly spied out the land. They were very bourgeois, but when they got involved in the parties of the Bateau Lavoir in Montmartre and sat down with Picasso, Apollinaire, Jarry, when they met Matisse and Braque, they spotted, with that eager American taste for the new blueprint, they were in at the beginning of a revolution. Afterwards, when she wrote her account of these scenes, everyone rounded on her and jeered. Her self-importance and her fantasy made her very unreliable. Her brother Leo, after he had got away from her, called her a perpetual liar.

The portraits of Gertrude Stein give her a fine head and suggest a drastic and dynamic intelligence. No one accuses her of being a bore. She was a stumpy, massive, consuming egotist, a possessor who allowed no rivals. She soon froze when she met the rival experimentalist – Ezra Pound or Joyce; or a rival exploiter like Mabel Dodge. All agree that she had a charm hard to resist and a beautiful voice; when she became a public figure she made fools of the journalists and questioners who were mistaken in thinking she was easy game for ridicule. She was a sharp wit. She liked to see people come but (she said sardonically) she liked just as much to see them go. The enemies called her every kind of name: 'Mont Blanc', 'our lady', 'old tub of guts' (Ezra Pound). 'A rose is a rose is a bitch', said Hemingway; but Scott Fitzgerald was entirely affectionate and also penetrating when he called her 'an old covered wagon'. For when Montparnasse was annexed by the Middle West, people noticed how earnestly and chauvinistically American she was. She had been pioneering in Paris. At Berenson's in Italy, visitors thought that her brother Leo retained his native 'twang'. For all the exuberantly insecure expatriates she was a sort of intellectual committee of public safety: 'in the background, over the noise of teacups, one could hear the sound of rolling heads, the rumble of dead reputations being carted away'. Malign visitors noted that she was more interested in painters than painting, in publicity than in communication. And so it certainly looked when she visited the United States and Americans went mad about her and turned her into one more circus; but after half a lifetime's neglect she can hardly be blamed for saying 'Hurrah for Gloire!'

Too many people have written of Gertrude Stein with respect, for us to dismiss her as a comic monster. Mr Brinnin has a passage, too long to quote, in which, for example, we hear her speaking well about the important difference between writing with passion and writing about the passions. Her criticism of Hemingway was just; she could shrewdly spot the young man on the make who was also to kick Sherwood Anderson down once he had used him. Her dramatic account of how she told Picasso to stop writing is both good and funny – she was not going to stand for rivalry there! She was spirited. And although in the last war she behaved as if war were a personal affront, she was, as a Jewess, very brace in staying in France throughout the occupation. Mr Brinnin calls her one of the last daughters of the Enlightenment, one of the last believers in reason. She does indeed recall certain of our own heavily disporting blue-stockings of that earlier revolution. Mr Brinnin's book goes on too long, but in his taste for the eccentric or obscure he has served Gertrude Stein far more intelligently than he served Dylan Thomas.

V. S. PRITCHETT

An Obscure Person

Sickert. By LILLIAN BROWSE. *Hart-Davis.* 63*s.*

In the summer of 1885, Sickert 'had speech in a street in Dieppe of a sturdy man with a black moustache and a bowler' and advised him against the imprudence of giving himself entirely to the practice of painting. In 1911, he wrote that he had 'lived to be the obscure person who saw collected at the *Salon d'Automne* a posthumous collection of the work of this man in a bowler and his name was Gauguin.'

This pleasant anecdote raises the point that, however much we in England revere Sickert, he remains as much now as in 1911 'an obscure person' except to the English. There are several reasons for this, some of them fortuitous, and of these the principal one is that Parisian insularity is such that, whilst any resident in that city will be accepted as a French artist, no one resident in Dieppe will be, even if he is a close friend of Degas. As a result, Sickert, although endowed with all the French virtues as a painter and well received by the French critics, never had his work seriously handled by the dealers who mattered internationally, after his last Paris exhibition at Bernheim Jeune in 1911. He chose to return to London and placed himself in the hands of English dealers, a body of persons whose smug amateurism has not greatly changed from that day to this. Their sins of omission have done much to encourage that sense of local inferiority among painters and collectors alike, which native painting has long suffered or enjoyed. In consequence, the finest Sickert, even now, commands a far smaller price than the most trivial Vuillard, although Sickert was a consistently better artist.

It is, perhaps, rather uncharitable to introduce this note, since Miss Browse is herself an art dealer and may indeed be an outstanding exception to my strictures – there are one or two – for her books are in no way amateurish. This volume, which replaces her earlier book on Sickert as the standard work on the artist, is admirable in every way, but, together with Sir Osbert Sitwell's *A Free House*, it is about all there is currently on Sickert. This brings us back to our failure to blow trumpets for our best artists, but at least it exempts Miss Browse.

The other causes of Sickert's lack of international standing have little to do with his excellence as an artist and a good deal to do with a climate of ideas which requires the

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twentieth-century painter not to be a good artist but an original one. He was a pupil of Whistler and a follower of Degas, indeed he may be claimed as Degas's greatest follower, not excepting Forain. He was not in any way as great an artist as Degas, lacking both the supreme draughtsmanship and the penetrating psychological insight of the French master, but he was a more natural *painter* than Degas, who never came to relish the sticky medium of oil paint. Sickert gloried in it and possessed a sense of this material on a par with any French painter of our time. But, aside from his ability to make paint itself a sensual, almost edible, joy, he was a tonal painter. His mastery of the just relations between tones and his predilection for a low key, coincided with the liberation of colour, first by the Post-Impressionists and then by the Fauves. The man in the bowler and the man who cut off his ear pushed the pitch of painting high, the Fauves pushed it higher and the very gifts which will, I believe, ultimately earn Sickert a more enduring place in the history of art than all but the three greatest of the Fauves, ran counter to the prevailing wind. It is true that the Cubists worked briefly in a limited range of ochres, grey and black, and that Rouault's early and best pictures are dark, and that Braque had a dark period, but in general the first 50 years of twentieth-century French art are celebrated in pretty shrill tones. And a high pitch was not Sickert's *forte*. The sad squeaks of his bright pictures in the Thirties reveal this, and curiously his career also runs counter to that of Derain, who began as the greatest of the Fauves and went into bitter eclipse in later life, lowering the tone of his pictures, whilst Sickert was pushing his up.

Miss Browse makes no extravagant claims for Sickert, and it is she who chooses to compare him with Vuillard. As she rightly says, 'Vuillard's canvases are charming and nostalgic: Sickert's are for the most part dark and austere; no concessions are made.' I myself have rashly added that I believe Sickert was a consistently better artist, and by that I mean that whilst Sickert declined in his seventies, Vuillard began his decline in his forties and proceeded rapidly with it. It is significant that in the retrospective exhibition given to Vuillard by the Museum of Modern Art in New York in 1954, only 21 out of 102 pictures were painted after 1908. In the unlikely event of that famous museum granting a similar honour to Sickert, the dates could hardly fail to run from 1885 to 1930. Vuillard was born eight years later than Sickert and died two years earlier. In the Museum of Modern Art's catalogue, Vuillard's bibliography extends to 68 items. Miss Browse lists 14 for Sickert. Vuillard's reputation is a triumph of French dealing. It should be a lesson to us.

In this excellently produced, admirably written and well documented book, Miss Browse has illustrated a far wider and better selection of paintings than she included in her earlier volume, although it is a pity that we are deprived of the colour-plate of *La Giuseppina*. The colour-plates in the new book are a little uneven – the first eight being superior in my copy to the frontispiece and the remaining three, but the standard of all the reproductions is generally high.

The accusation often brought against Sickert that his work was anecdotal – the English vice – does not stand up. Looking through the plates, it is quite-clear that it is the title which implies anecdote, not the picture, and Miss Browse makes it plain that Sickert's titles were frequently inconsequential and even interchangeable.

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Miss Browse has performed an admirable service for Sickert, better even than the service she did Sir William Nicholson. French art dealers sponsor art books in quantities; I doubt if any of them could write one as good as this.

MICHAEL AYRTON

History and Common Sense

The New Cambridge Modern History. Vol. XII. **The Era of Violence, 1898-1945.** Edited by DAVID THOMSON. *Cambridge.* 37*s.* 6*d.*

The First World War. BY CYRIL FALLS. *Longmans.* 42*s.*

Like all important libraries and a good many individuals, I have on my bookshelves 12 fat, formidable, dark blue volumes, the *Cambridge Modern History*. They were published nearly 60 years ago, and for nearly 50 years I have watched the dust accumulate upon them in my bookcase. I have never read them and, when I have tried to read in them, I have nearly always found them almost, if not quite, unreadable. Sometimes in search of a fact, I have wiped the dust off a particular volume, and have found or not found the fact.

Fashions in history and historians change just as in the colour of ladies' toe-nails and in the height of the heels of their shoes. So the *Cambridge Modern History* being out of date, the Cambridge University Press is now publishing the *New Cambridge Modern History* in 14 volumes and blue binding. As far as design and structure goes, the New is the same as the Old. The authorship of each volume is necessarily composite. The 20 chapters of the volume under review are written by no fewer than 22 different authors. A book of 569 pages and 20 chapters written by 22 professors, lecturers, admirals, field marshals, and air chief marshals, even under the competent planning and editorship of the Master of Sidney Sussex College, can have neither unity nor uniformity. And despite the competence and skill of the individual writers, each has so vast a subject and so small a bite of the cherry of 569 pages that he really can say very little about the era of violence. How can the late Sir Robert Ensor deal with 'Political Thought' in 28 pages, or Professor Philips deal with the history of India during the 48 years leading up to partition and independence in seven pages? All that they can do is to write a longish article in the one case and a shortish article in the other. Being competent and learned writers, they do what they do in the context of history, as understood by those who plan these volumes, quite well. The same can be said of their 20 colleagues, though naturally some are brighter and some less bright than others.

The years 1898 to 1945 are the age of violence because they contain the wars of 1914 and 1939, not to speak of the almost equally horrible and violent interwar period. The violence itself is dealt with in only two chapters. Chapter X deals with Armed Forces and the Art of War and has three authors, Admiral Sir G. J. A. Miles on navies, Field Marshal Earl Wavell on armies, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore on air forces. In Chapter XIII Mr C. T. Atkinson summarises in 28 pages the history of the 1914 war. That history is given at much greater length and authority in the other book under review. Captain Falls fought in the 1914 war and has spent the rest of his life studying and writing about the art and history of war. His book is admirably written and gives an extremely clear and interesting picture of the course of operations on land and sea and in the air.

There are two levels of truth with regard to history, particularly contemporary history. The first is the conventional, academic, respectable historian's and statesman's view of the communal antics of human beings. That is the angle at which almost always these two books analyse and synthesise the events of the era of violence. It would, no doubt, be unreasonable to expect the authors to have looked at events from any other angle. But there is another level of truth and another angle, and one sometimes longs for recognition of them by historians, if only for a moment. For instance, if you regard truth from the level of common sense, there has never been a more senseless war than the great war of 1914. It is never contemplated from that level in the *New Cambridge Modern History*. The causes which led up to it are intelligently investigated in Chapter XIII, but the investigation follows strictly the respectable and respectful line prescribed by academic historians. It has nothing to do with common sense, which is the voice of young Peterkin and little Wilhelmine. They (and the present reviewer) would ask some naive questions about the system which allowed Count Leopold von Berchtold to spark off the 1914 war, about the battle of Ypres in which Haig – despite Captain Falls's defence of his generalship – lost 240,000 men from 31 July to 10 November, and (to leave the books themselves for a moment) about a civilisation in which the statesman of one country employing spies can demand an apology from another country employing spies for employing spies, and in which the lives of millions of human beings may well depend upon the demand for and refusal of such an imbecile apology.

LEONARD WOOLF

The People's Voice

The Everlasting Circle. Edited by JAMES REEVES. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

Baring-Gould, the last of the great West-country squarsons, wrote a hundred books and died in 1924, aged 90, after a life of passionately diverse interests. The commonest Baring-Gould legend, still told in my home only a mile or so over the Cornish border from the Devon village of Lew Trenchard where he was Vicar for over forty years, is of his occasional inability to remember exactly how many children he had.

The scene is a Christmas party at the modest Rhenish castle of a vicarage (now a guest-house). A small child stands at the foot of the staircase.

'You're a pretty little girl!' says the Vicar. 'And whose pretty little girl are you?'

Pause. An incredulous glance from the infant.

'Yours, daddy!' she cries, exploding into sobs.

The same question-and-answer springing directly from just such a case of smudged identity, also applies with terrible truth to the great bulk of English folk-song as published (though not as taken down from the mouths of the people) since the early years of the present century. Baring-Gould, a pioneer in folk-song collection, wrote as far back as 1891 that the words often reveal 'a rudeness of manner and moral that make it impossible . . . to publish the words exactly': and others followed suit. But as well as paying deference to the polite requirements of the drawing-room or the concert-hall, Baring-Gould realised the importance of preserving copies of the originals 'uncleansed from rust and unpolished'. And, following a brilliant assault in *The Idiom of the People* on the MSS of Cecil Sharp, James Reeves has now turned his attention to about 150 texts collected between 1887 and 1908 in Hampshire, Dorset, Devon, by George Gardiner, H. E. D. Hammond, and by Baring-Gould, whose preliminary field-work forms the backbone of the present collection. Mercifully, Mr Reeves is not concerned to patch or jigsaw variant readings into a single whole: but more often, instead, to present full versions of each ballad. As an editor, he has had the intelligence and sensibility not to ignore totally the published broadsides of the day: and sees them, essentially, as 'not a *kind* of poem, as is frequently implied, but a method of communication'.

In a witty and wise and sympathetic introduction, Mr Reeves draws gently the rich earth away and reveals the roots of common song, deep in a theme of the general fertility of a lost pastoral and agricultural community. He illuminates splendidly the vocabulary of the ballads as they speak of matters tabu even in the peasant's world where sex is half innocence and half experience. His title-piece, 'The Everlasting Circle', Mr Reeves lifts gently from a parable of the cycle of life itself: and time and again, with an exquisite mixture of human joy and sadness, these rescued songs speak, now unperverted and newly innocent, directly from an age when a spade was never merely an agricultural implement, as in an early broadside:

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The bastard is none of mine, he cryed,
Then she stamped and swore he lyed,
You rogue, you rascal, she replied,
Remember the barley raking –

or in a version of 'Sailor cut down in his prime' in which the young girl (not, for a change, the matelot) discovers herself infected with syphilis:

O daughter, O daughter, why didn't you tell me,
Why did you not tell me, we'd took it in time.
It's young pill a cosha, the pill o' white margery,
But now I am a young girl cut down in my prime.

In a typically pointed note Mr Reeves remarks that white margery equals white mercury, once used in the treatment of the disease and the basis of the medical joke, 'A night with Venus and a lifetime with Mercury'.

Not all the ballads are on the theme of love, requited or otherwise. The Owlesbury Lads, farm-machinery breakers of Winchester in 1830, rise again: and the sad, poor ghost of young Parker, hanged at the yard-arm for his leadership of the mutineers at the Nore. But the prevailing mood, very properly, is of the practice of love: and Mr Reeves has included the saddest stanza of the saddest ballad in the world:

When I am dead and in my grave
Let on my tombstone be engraved,
Here lies a poor distressèd maid
Who never by man was betrayed.

The researches begun in *The Idiom of the People* are here extended and expanded. There speaks through the new volume, unmistakably, an LP of the past: and no man, I feel, would approve more of this work of scholarship than its true originator, Baring-Gould himself. The mere possession of this entirely irresistible book was enough to make me decline the offer by a second-hand dealer, only last week, of the sturdy oak sideboard at which, he believed, Baring-Gould wrote 'Onward, Christian soldiers'. 'Standing up, of course,' he added.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

Miseries of War

Out of the Smoke. By RAY PARKIN. *Hogarth.* 21*s.*

The Fall of Singapore. By FRANK OWEN. *Joseph.* 21*s.*

The literature of the first world war did not emerge until such men as Sassoon, Blunden, Graves, Remarque and Zweig had had time to distil their experiences. Remembering this, perhaps, Mr Ray Parkin deliberately left himself fifteen years in which to recollect his experiences and emotions in tranquillity. What experiences they were! The Australian cruiser *Perth*, of which he was Action Chief Quartermaster, had just come through the Battle of the Java Sea when, short of fuel and ammunition, and accompanied only by the American cruiser *Houston*, she ran into a large Japanese fleet which included battleships. The two allied ships fired even their practice shells and then were sunk in Sunda Strait, but not before they had sunk fifteen enemy ships. This was one of the most astonishing naval engagements of the war.

Survivors from it, caked in fuel oil, reached an island where eventually they found one of the *Perth's* lifeboats. In this, with little food or water, ten of them sailed or rowed some three hundred miles round the coast of Java, facing enemy destroyers and aircraft, viciously hostile Bantamese, sharp coral reefs and, perhaps worst of all, currents which could drive them for ever into the Indian Ocean. They were heading for the port which had been the *Perth's* destination and, with no more help than a child's atlas, they found it; but by now it was in enemy hands and this story of gallantry, suffering and determination ended in failure with their capture by the Japanese.

One would hope that a book, distilled from such experience and left to mature, would become one of the great pieces of war literature; but *Out of the Smoke* is not that. When he is recalling the *Perth's* last fight, as he heard it at the wheel or as he pieced it together afterwards, Mr Parkin gives an exciting report; but once he is into the survivors' struggle and has to deal with feelings and the interplay of character rather than with incident, power drains from him. I do not get from him the feel of men sailing blind and hopeless, yet determined, into a blind future. Instead I get philosophising which is sometimes banal, dialogue which is often stilted, and a theme – the sailor's all-pervading passion for his ship – which is a writer's delight but which is, I find, less acceptable to genuine seamen. Tranquillity, I am afraid, has led Mr Parkin into covering reality with artificial moss. I believe he would have written a better book if he had aimed less high and served it hot.

This is just what Mr Frank Owen, on a different and easier plane, succeeds in doing even though he, too, is writing many years after the event. He describes, at second hand, the political and military background to Mr Parkin's naval tragedy; but in marshalling other people's experiences and reading other people's writings, he has worked himself to boiling point – and no wonder! Maybe the fall of Singapore was inevitable; but its end was hastened by a refusal to make use of known facts long before the attack came and, subsequently, by an almost incredible series of blunders. Troops untrained and ill-equipped, generals at loggerheads, bridges blown before friends could cross them, bridges left unblown in face of the enemy, allied troops fighting each other in mistake for the enemy, military deserters snatching means of escape from civilians at gun-point, officialdom so bumbling that all lights were left on during the first air raid because the one man who had the key to the blackout switch could not be found – it is a terrible story Mr Owen tells, and its impact is not blunted by frequent use of heavy black type and exclamation marks.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

New Novels

One Hour. By LILLIAN SMITH. *Cresset.* 21*s.*

Darkness Visible. By NORMAN LEWIS. *Cape.* 15*s.*

Blow up a Storm. By GARSON KANIN. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

Grandad with Snails. By MICHAEL BALDWIN. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

Man's Desiring. By MENNA GALLIE. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

One Hour is swollen with the often inconsequential reveries of the narrator, David Landrum, Rector of All Saints, Windsor Hills, a town in Virginia. Landrum, caught between pastoral care and devotion to two friends upon whom public hatred unjustly falls, sinks into complicated meditation. In the end he gets into a brawl, but almost without knowing it. He realises that he, no less

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

than an unreasoning mob, sees what he wants to see; that is the book's theme. But, to my mind, Miss Smith's decision to exemplify that theme in the narrator blurs the action needlessly.

In his own wordy, dot-ridden way Landrum describes the crisis brought about by a trivial incident. One Monday afternoon an eight-year-old named Susan goes wandering into a dark, disused store and there encounters Mark Channing, a brilliant young cancer-researcher who, returning from buying Cokes, has strayed into the store on a boyish impulse. Thinking himself alone he makes use of the urinal, turns around, and Susan, child of quarrelling parents, sees a partly unzipped, tall, thin man. She runs home, talking of rape – a word she has picked up from her mother who was once chased by a negro youth. Before long, against all reliable evidence and the pleas of the narrator, the town begins to ostracise Channing and his wife. Atavistic appetites demand blood. Channing's career crumbles: he is eased out of a public lecture; a crank releases his laboratory animals; a poison-pen letter brings about the death of his son; and his highly imaginative wife begins to lose faith in him and turns to Landrum, who has adored her for a long time. Susan's parents withdraw all charges, but persecution goes on. The laboratory janitor talks of sinister experiments with the sex of mice and extends his fantasy to include the changing of whites into Negroes. Finally, after the Channings have gone for good, a mob burns a cross on their lawn and dynamites the house. The young clergyman is left with an anguished sense of failure and a knife-wound in the hip.

The mob's wild urges counterpoint the obsessions of individuals. Susan's mother dreams of rape; Landrum, who lost a leg in the war, dotingly attributes his physical and spiritual regeneration to Channing's wife; she once had a Lesbian affair that haunts her; Channing's mother died of cancer. These people trap themselves in a net of interrelation; they also punish themselves into incoherence, thus becoming as irrational as the mob. Landrum significantly regrets 'the fragmented quality of human awareness'; to him 'we're all in pieces and overlapped'. Only too true of this novel. Massive themes, grouped like monoliths, cast shadows through the decent-seeming town and the narrator's mind. I find this a difficult, foggy but profound and stunningly fluent piece of writing; the last 100 pages are nerve-wracking. But I'd prefer that clergyman as just another character, with less to say, and less about those philosophy books they all seem to be devouring as dumbly as rabbits.

Mr Lewis blurs nothing. A motley crew of expatriates are trying to operate a rich oilfield in war-torn Algeria. An atrocity, arranged to look like the work of Arab insurgents, prompts ghastly reprisals; above the burning houses the storks form 'a soft, flopping white umbrella'. *Colons* attack the oil-camp, but a former colleague of Rommel's stops them with buckshot. The narrator's girl-friend gets involved with a self-styled messiah-Capone who is mysteriously killed. J.G., the Chief Executive, all Yankee phlegm and business zeal, calmly pays his protection-money, dismisses both vendetta and purge, and smiles on his pets – a pygmy deer, a do-gooder wife and his monthly buys from the Objets d'Art Club. The book abounds in visual detail, curiosities and satire; in fact it's all a bit cramped, the rattling good yarn hindering the effort to make a serious point about the sanctity of the individual, and the brilliantly described surfaces of life hemming the people in. All the same, this is an exciting story intensely told.

In *Blow up a Storm* an apparently respectable and respected American playwright recalls seedier days as a jazz musician: wild whites, drugging, hepping, hopping; wild Negroes such as Slug, the can't-stop-beating drummer; gone chicks like Edmonde, the high-class lowbrow who ends up in Ravensbrück and returns by train to the Gare de l'Est. A sharply described jazz funeral only slightly relieves the monotony of 'Slug was laying down a slow but getting-on-with-it beat', 'Make it, bake it, shake it!', marijuana parties and the vacuous cant that decorates the account of how the Woody Woodruff combination broke up and man, how they all went marrying off and such, and Slug died and Woody, man, slugged with drugs: two children of boredom. It prompts me to a cool noise of my own.

Mr Baldwin's brisk evocation of boyhood is captivating. These are the years of cowardy custards, Dads who threaten to sell you, bigmouths, gangs, smashed greenhouses, Saturday-matinee cowboy films, snotty noses, elated hyperbole and sniggering malice: 'Miss Caroline Perkins has got a green caterpillar in 'er ear'ole'. Grandad, a ship's carpenter who recalls how it took two men to steady his biggest chisels, teaches the boy to tell whoppers and raise hell. Bobbies, aunts, milkmen and sadistic teachers suffer accordingly, but sometimes knock the impish and egregious joy out of him. Mr Baldwin's prose is terse and urbane; yet it never falsifies the boy's recollected ingenuousness. A delicious array of spells, arcana and malevolent midgets.

Miss Gallie whisks a young Welsh maths lecturer round the usual redbrick circuit; he falls for Lydia, a caustic but voluptuous member of the English department. They squabble selfishly along until the near-suicide of a mutual friend conveniently sobers them up. Off they go to Wales for some of Mam's cake. The writing is buoyant, the rest thin and stale.

PAUL WEST

On Alien Rule and Self Government

John Plamenatz

National independence, political democracy, and individual freedom are the three most widely held ideals of the modern world. To what extent are they compatible? This book offers no solutions, but seeks to raise and clarify the issues involved. 21*s*

De Gaulle's Republic

Philip Williams and Martin Harrison

A succinct account of the dramatic developments in France since May 1958, with a balanced assessment of the Fifth Republic's chances of finding cures to the country's political ailments. 25*s*

Longmans

The Puppet-Master

Dancing for Diaghilev. By LYDIA SOKOLOVA. Ed. RICHARD BUCKLE. *Murray*. 25*s*.

When Nijinsky was teaching Lydia Sokolova the role of a nymph in *L'Après Midi d'un Faune*, he explained what he wanted in one of his few recorded moments of lucidity. Staring at the ground and picking his fingers, as was his habit, he said, 'You must try to walk between the bars of the music and sense the rhythm which is implied'. This was too much for the young dancer, who had recently joined Diaghilev's Russian Ballet company, and was struggling to learn the *corps de ballet* parts of seven other big ballets. She says she went dizzy, burst into tears and ran out of the rehearsal. But after a while she began to understand Nijinsky's instruction. Of this particular part she writes that it was necessary to relax and let Debussy's music trickle through the consciousness. Lydia Sokolova is, in fact, much more able than most ballet dancers to explain how choreography is absorbed and interpreted.

Sokolova began as an English girl, Hilda Munnings, brought up in Leyton, just outside London, at the beginning of the century. Her mother owned an Off Licence, wore elaborate Edwardian clothes, and caned her daughters. Her father was a clerk, with a liking for drink that made him periodically dangerous. This combination of glamour, discipline and violence seems to have been repeated in the girl's later life; for though she became the leading female character-dancer of the Russian company, with all the glorious appurtenances of a star, she submitted willingly to the ferocious constraint and captivity of the ballet-dancer's existence. In her private life, in her marriages to two *premiers danseurs*, she suffered both violence and penury. Of these men, as of her other friends, she writes with an unusual lack of affectation or prejudice. She tells of Kola Knemnev's insane jealousy, how he would lock her in hotel bedrooms all day and make scenes all night; and how her second husband, Leon Woisikowsky, could never resist gambling. When he was desperately ill she could only get food and medicine by taking advances on her salary; yet as soon as he was well she overheard him relating how he had had a large sum of money sewn into his coat lining all the time, which was lost immediately he went back to the casino. Such was the ballerina's despair at one time that she took daily doses of laudanum. 'I cannot imagine how I managed to continue dancing. I had raging headaches and my teeth began to crumble.' Luckily someone took away the poison before she was able to kill herself.

The backstage atmosphere of the long tours, with their face-smackings, tears and shoutings, are made very real and understandable under the strain of over-work and the emotional excitement that goes with all theatrical performance. Sokolova was one of the few English girls who became almost completely Russianised, not only superficially, because she spoke Russian, married Russians

and worked with Russians, but also in her toleration of human failings and her dedication to the work. Unlike many of her colleagues, she is one of those who still feel unalloyed gratitude and loyalty to Diaghilev for what he taught her. It is sad that because of his despotism, so many employees never got over a sense of bitterness towards this amazing genius. But every personal act of cruelty was motivated by one single-minded aim to create new forms of art. Certainly Diaghilev was not himself an artist in the accepted sense. He was a puppet-master, a Svengali who, through his hypnotic will, could force others to develop new ideas. He could make human beings create beauty of which, alone, they would have been quite incapable.

This devotion to art is demonstrated in the most unpretentious way throughout these memoirs, whose worst fault is that subjects are too often cut off short. It is annoying because we are always wanting to learn more of one of the greatest artistic adventures of this century.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Week-end Competition

No. 1,579 **Set by Ll. Barclay**

The National Union of Bank Employees have condemned secret reports on staff. The usual prizes are offered for extracts (not more than 120 words of prose or 12 lines of verse) from any such report on one of the following former bank employees: Kenneth Grahame, James Joyce, P. G. Wodehouse, T. S. Eliot. Entries by 7 June.

Result of No. 1,576 **Set by Peter Pimlico**

'A damn great place like this, attracting hundreds of thousands of tourists a year – you'd think they'd build a Gents!' The tourist season having now begun, the usual prizes are offered for the best set of three home-thoughts from abroad.

Report

'Abroad', it was axiomatic with Uncle Matthew, 'is bloody.' Competitors didn't on the whole go as far as this but for the most part, confronted with the foreign scene, they put up a fine display of insularity, longing for cricket and a cuppa, regretting the absence of egg-and-chips, sniffing at the plumbing, being baffled by bidets. Rhoda Tuck Pook struck a typical note with her 'Byrrh placarded up all over the place and they've never heard of Guinness!' I liked, too, her Thought from Switzerland: 'A most suspicious people – those hotel forms! "Legitimation?" I said, "D'you want my birth certificate?" ' Only Helen MacGregor found that they order some things better in France: 'Why not special seats in the Tube for expectant mothers, as in the Metro?' J. E. Lloyd took advantage of an ambiguity in the wording of the competition to send in a set of three thoughts overheard in England. They win him a prize. The other prizewinners – the money to be divided equally – are asterisked below.

THE FOREIGNER IN ENGLAND

They only show you what they want you to see (*heard in Oxford*).

The villagers are still afraid of the squire (*heard in the Cotswolds*).

They call this church old (*spoken by an Egyptian in a thirteenth-century village church*).

* J. E. LLOYD

THE ENGLISH ABROAD

The wine's cheap enough (if you like wine) but we do resent paying for the drinking-water. Fancy charging money for that Vichy and Evian.

Have you *tried* crossing the Place de la Concorde? They ought to take a look at the Chiswick Flyover.

And there's always a woman – woman, mark you – by the door. At least in Orpington it doesn't cost a fortune to spend a penny.

* LEONARD SAMSON

Why do foreigners always imagine you can't buy dirty postcards in Britain?

Oh to be back in Victoria where I can throw my empty packet anywhere!

(*Stranded in the Far East*) How I wish I was Kingsley Martin and knew someone everywhere!

* P. W. R. FOOT

And you'd have to be an acrobat to use those drinking fountains they've got in all the bedrooms.

Of course it's just typical of these people to take the fig-leaves off every single statue.

The one thing I don't like about them is that nobody wants to do a damn thing for you without being paid for it.

* LYNDON IRVING

Polish is terribly hard to understand. It took me ninety minutes to learn that he was English too.

I wish I were home again, so I need only be looking forward to this.

There was a *man* in the lingerie department, and he couldn't understand English. My dear, I had to *draw* the things!

* GLORIA PRINCE

LIFE AT THE LOCAL

Weekend walkers call in for refresher at the Local

Taking the dog out? Going to buy a paper? Want to work up an appetite? There are all sorts of reasons for looking in at the Local. Reason No. 1 – Beer. The best long drink in the world!

ISSUED BY THE BREWERS' SOCIETY, 42 PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

I could do with a shirt but I'd feel a fool asking for a chemise.

GOODWILL

It's definitely Colwyn Bay again, with all those damned Welshmen disguised as Arabs.

GRANVILLE GARLEY

Personally, when *outre-Manche*, I miss English empiricism, the Archers and baked beans on toast as much as anything.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Of course, at home, if they started shoving resin into things, you could probably get them under some food regulation.

MARTIN FAGG

Somehow you can't imagine these priests playing a game of rugger or cricket like our parsons.

H. A. C. EVANS

You'd think people would get tired of going everywhere by boat. I am sure they could do away with some of those steps, and flatten out the bridges to take small taxis.

DORIS PULSFORD

Don't you think the Pyramids are amazingly Contemporary-looking, dear, considering they were designed such a long time ago?

NANCY GUNTER

It doesn't seem like the seaside when a chap can't buy any of those vulgar, jolly coloured picture postcards.

ALLAN M. LAING

We regret that in our review on 14 May of Mr Day Lewis's autobiography *The Buried Day* the publisher was given as Cape. The book is published by Chatto & Windus.

COMPANY MEETING

DURBAN ROODEPOORT DEEP, LIMITED

(Incorporated in the Union of South Africa)

The Sixty-third Ordinary General Meeting of shareholders was held on 23 May 1960. The following is an extract from the circulated Statement by the Chairman, Mr T. Reekie, dated 16 May 1960.

The tonnage milled increased by 96,000 tons to 2,296,000 tons and the yield improved from 3·621 to 3·690 dwt per ton milled, resulting in an additional 25,302 ounces of gold being recovered. Although the average price for gold received by the Company of 249s 7d per ounce fine was less by 9d per ounce than that for the previous year, working revenue nevertheless increased by £305,113 to £5,303,355. Working expenditure at £4,662,511 was, however, £302,557 greater and the working profit for the year at £640,844 was accordingly higher by only £2,556.

To the working profit of £640,844 was added £39,529 in respect of interest received, £29,380 in respect of the Company's share of the surplus of the Outstanding Liabilities Trust Fund as at 30 September 1959, and £7,459 being the difference between sundry other items detailed in the Income and Expenditure Account, to give a profit before taxation of £717,212. Taxation provisions absorbed £97,449 leaving £619,763 to be added to the balance of the Income and Expenditure Account at 31 December 1958, making a total of £1,605,622. Of this amount £348,750 was appropriated for two dividends of 1s 6d each per share, and £135,402 was transferred to the Capital Reserve in respect of net expenditure on mining assets and trade investments, leaving a balance in the Income and Expenditure Account at 31 December 1959, of £1,121,470 to be carried forward to the current year. This balance, together with the reserves for Retiring Gratuities and Abnormal Costs, totalled £1,273,337 which was represented by net current assets as detailed in the Balance Sheet.

City Lights

Thirteen at Table

Most people, particularly journalists, are too busy to notice the gradual change of events or even to adapt themselves gradually to changes which they had overlooked; they move not along a straight line or a decent, regular curve but along one of those crazily discontinuous shapes which switch suddenly from plus infinity to minus infinity and back again. For years, for example, everyone was glad to leave the endless squabble between Britain and the Six to the dreary specialists who had heard of GATT and could tell a free trade area from a customs union. Professor Hallstein raised his voice, and everyone suddenly discovered that things had become too serious to leave to the specialists, that America and the Commonwealth, our chief pretexts for staying out of Europe, were now on Europe's side, and that dignified isolation was no longer within our means to risk. Mr Macmillan, fortunately, woke up at the same time as everyone else. However grandiose and unrealistic the terms in which he may choose to think of his European mission, the fact remains that advantage is at last to be taken of the anxieties of German and Dutch businessmen – and of Dr Adenauer's worries over Berlin. Mr Maudling, alert to the wind of change, has been authorised to admit the facts of life: he has briskly dismissed the murmuring of his Free Trade Area followers and announced that he is now ready to negotiate with the Six on almost any basis they care to think of. The immediate uncertainty is whether this tardy offer will be accepted. The French government – and the superbureaucrats of the European Commission – have every excuse for arguing that it is merely perfidious Albion's last-ditch attempt to frustrate European unity.

* * *

The merchant banks indulged their taste for mergers a little further last week. The merger between Helbert Wagg and Schroders, like that between de Stein and Lazards, is that of a relatively new business specialising in investment and financial advice to industry with a larger, older house whose main interest still lies in banking, foreign exchange, and the finance of trade. The senior partner provides prestige, international connections, and money: the junior partner supplies the investment expertise and the industrial contacts on which the merchant banks are becoming increasingly dependent for their bread-and-butter as well as for their jam. In this case the Helbert Wagg business – it developed out of stockbroking into banking half-a-century ago, as several firms are developing at the moment – is being valued at £2m and put into a new holding company of which Schroders will hold 70 per cent; directors are being interchanged, and the two businesses will be pulled steadily together. Schroders sold some of its shares to the public quite recently, but two-thirds of its capital is still held by the Schroder family and smaller chunks by the Tiarks family and by Barings. Although it has been working up its investment and industrial business, its main concern is still with banking in London and New York; its profit record, accordingly, shows sharp fluctuations and little evidence of growth.

Helbert Wagg, helped by the Stock Exchange boom, more than doubled its profits last year to £677,000. Another bank with a similar sort of business, Robert Benson, reported last week that its profits had risen by two-thirds to £817,000: it may be the next to offer to infuse new vigour into a dignified old line.

* * *

The City has taken the Summit fiasco quietly and is doing its best to carry on as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened, but it is still a little uncertain on its feet and the jumble of disconnected news items has not yet settled back into a pattern. Bank advances rose much more slowly last month, but the first part of a credit squeeze is always the easiest; the banks managed to unload another little pile of unwanted gilt-edged stocks on to Grandma. The building societies, as expected, are raising their mortgage rate from 5½ to 6 per cent and propose to keep it there unchanged for as long as they possibly can. The new issues are beginning to come out more thickly. The petrol price-cutting war is hotting up, with French and Italian oil companies wooing the owners of tied garages whose contracts run out this year. Another popular industrial holding company, Arusha, seems to be in trouble: a group of directors of the main subsidiaries want to get rid of the chairman. Mr Amory has made a mild concession to his backbenchers over the Finance Bill. And Lord Portal, who lost his job as chairman of British Aluminium with the battle for control and subsequently took over the chairmanship of British Match from one of his main supporters in that battle, is now to be chairman of the British Aircraft Corporation – an ambitious title for the remaining aircraft interests of Vickers, English Electric and Bristol.

Company News

Beecham shares have fallen since the results were announced: sales rose only slightly in the second half of last year and profit margins narrowed alarmingly. *J. & P. Coats*, the cotton textile giant, has proclaimed the revival with profits 72 per cent higher at £10¼m and a dividend increased with unexpected liberality from 10 to 15 per cent. *Albert E. Reed*, the paper and packaging firm effectively controlled by the *Mirror* group, reports a rapid rise in sales and profits during the six months to end-March and an increase in the dividend which takes it back to where it was three years ago. *John Thompson*, which is building the Berkeley nuclear power station with *Associated Electrical*, is putting aside £500,000 against a possible loss on the contract; *Associated Electrical* itself recently put aside £750,000 for the same purpose, and an insulation company chairman has been complaining about the unprofitability of nuclear contracts. *Bovril* (which also makes Marmite, Virol and soft drinks) has increased its profits by 37 per cent to £1.9m. The chairman of *British Insulated Callenders Cables* has pointed out that the effects of the cable price-war are not yet done with and hinted that another set of price increases would be a good thing. *Gallaher's* new Nelson cigarettes ('manufactured by the makers of Senior Service') have been so successful that the company is having to raise more capital.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 550. He Fiddled While Sevastopol Burned

Who did? None other than the great Leo Tolstoy. But it wasn't a violin he fiddled with, it was one of the more unsound variations of the King's Gambit he was so uncommonly fond of. Tolstoy learned the game during that very siege of Sevastopol, and while the city lay under heavy shell fire, he was taught the finer points of the Muzio, the Kieseritzky and the Allgaier by a fellow-officer, Sergei Urussov, reputed a good chess player and mathematician. That opening repertoire was all the rage at the time (1854), and some of it was almost hypermodern. Tolstoy was 26 when he got acquainted with it, and he kept on favouring it for more than half a century. In later years he used to say that one ought to give up chess because it made one feel unkindly towards one's opponents, but, however consistent the poet was in the more saint-like ways of his declining years, he never did give up chess. Here's a game he played at the age of 80 against a sucker whose name, in varying sources, is spelled Maude, Mood or Mut respectively. Tolstoy won, but as we shall see, it *was* a bit of a fiddle.

(1) P-K4 P-K4; (2) P-KB4, PxP, (3) Kt-KB3, P-KKt4; (4) B-B4, P-Kt5; (5) Kt-K5, Q-R5 ch; (6) K-B1, P-Q4; (7) BxP, P-B6, (8) PxP, Q-R6 ch; (9) K-K1! (K-Kt1?), P-Kt6; (10) P-Q4, P-Kt7; (11) R-Kt1, Q-R5 ch; (12) K-K2, Kt-KR3; (13) RxP, P-QB3; (14) BxKt, PxB; (15) BxB, KxB; (16) Q-Kt1, Q-K2; (17) Kt-B3, P-B3; (18) KtxP, Q-Q3; (19) Q-Kt3, resigns.

While quite a few of the famous 19 Century Russian authors (such as Pushkin, Lermontov, Herzen) were supposed to be fairly good chess players, only one of them, Turgenev, had a rather more than fleeting interest in the game. I was interested to learn that he was a collector of chess books and a regular subscriber to a number of chess magazines. He did fairly well in a good many minor tournaments, and in the Baden-Baden chess congress of 1870 he acted as Vice-President. Here's a position achieved by Turgenev (Black) in Paris, 1861. /2kr2r1/p2b1pB1/1p2p2Q/2qP4/2P1P3/P5R1/7P/2K3R1/. A tricky position in which White, by a fairly obvious (27) B-Q4 aimed to win the exchange. No doubt, Turgenev had provoked that move for, by giving up his Queen for two Rooks, he soon got the better of it.

. . QxP ch!; (28) R-B3, RxR ch; (29) K-Q2, QxR ch; (30) KxQ R-Kt5; (31) Q-R5, R-B5; (32) Q-K5, R-B6 ch; (33) K-Kt2, R-Kt1; (34) B-B3, B-R5; (35) Q-Q4, R-Kt7 ch; (36) B-Q2, B-Q2; (37) P-KR4, R(6)-B7; (38) K-B3, RxB; (39) Q-R8 ch, K-Kt2; (40) P-R5, PxP; (41) PxP, RxP; (42) P-R6, B-B4; (43) Q-B6, R-QB7 ch; (44) K-Kt4, P-R4, ch; (45) K-R4, R-B2; (46) K-Kt3, R-Kt4 ch; and the poet's opponent (one Matchusski) resigned not a moment too early.

The 4-pointer should be easy enough for beginners with the helpful hint that White, while forcing the win very neatly, can afford to appear quite reckless in the repeated offer of his Queen. For 6 & 7 ladder-points **B** and **C** are both wins, not very pretty and neither of them too difficult.

A: Schrader, 1934

Usual prizes. Entries by 10 June.

B: Karl Lovay: /16/7k/b5Kt1/8/1K6/8/2B5/.

C: Leonid Kubbel, 1924: /3Kt1q2/4p3/pk2p3/1p6/1B3P2/8/1P6/1K6/.

REPORT on No. 547. Set 7 May

A: (1) P-B4 ch, RxP; (2) P-K4 ch, RxP; (3) Kt-K7 ch, RxKt; (4) Kt-B7 ch, RxKt stalemate.
B: (1) K-R8, B-R7; (2) P-Kt3, BxP; (3) P-B4, BxP; (4) P-K5, BxP; (5) P-Q6, BxP; (6) P = Q ch, BxQ; (7) P-B7! etc.
C: (1) P = Q, RxQ; (2) B-R4 ch, R-Kt4!; (3) R-Kt6 ch, K-B4; (4) R-Kt3 ch, K-Kt5; (5) BxR, R-QR8 ch; (6) K-Kt2, R-R5; (7) Kt-Kt3!, RxB; (8) R-Kt4 mate.

An easy lot and many correct solutions. Prizes: M. A. Anderson, E. A. Barclay-Smith, J. P. Ford, H. Garfath, A. G. D. Watson. 43 ladder decade (ended a few weeks ago): (1) M. A. Anderson (735); (2) F. R. Oliver (720); (3) D. H. R. Stallybrass (709); (4) J. M. Hollis (702). While I am abroad (4 or 5 weeks) entries to be forwarded in time must reach the office Monday afternoon.

ASSIAC

COMPANY MEETING

CADBURY BROTHERS LIMITED

GROUP SALES EXCEED £85M.

Mr. Paul S. Cadbury on the Year's Developments

The 61st annual general meeting of Cadbury Brothers Limited will be held on 13 June at Bournville, Birmingham.

The following is an extract from a statement by the Chairman, Mr. Paul S. Cadbury, which has been circulated with the report and accounts:

During the 1958-59 season there was a good crop of cocoa in West Africa; 255,000 tons in Ghana as compared with 207,000 tons in the previous season. The spot price fell from about 300/- per hundredweight earlier in the year to 235/- on December 31st. In accordance with our usual practice we wrote down our stocks to the market price. The firm continues to encourage the growth of cocoa in the tropics.

Although the price fluctuates, it is significant that the average world price of cocoa for the last five years has been about 280/- c.i.f. U.K. This offers a very good return to the growing countries as compared with other tropical crops.

In 1959 the demand for chocolate and sweets in this country dropped from the high 1958 level of 8.3 ounces per head per week, to 7.8 ounces per head per week. On the home market our sales have reflected this fall and in 1959 our revenue from Cadbury proprietary lines was slightly down compared with the all time record in 1958. This was in part due to the exceptionally hot summer which undoubtedly affected the demand for chocolate. To some extent the value we could offer was also affected by the high price of raw cocoa. I am glad to say that we have been able in 1960 to decrease the price of some of our moulded chocolate lines and increase the weight of others.

In the export market sales have increased especially in the dollar markets. Our overseas factories have also had a good year, particularly in Australia, New Zealand and Ireland. The combined turnover of all our overseas manufacture now stands at over £17m. an increase of over £1m. compared with 1958.

Our group sales at home and overseas have risen from £84,200,000 to £85,100,000.

FACTORY SPACE

Further developments have taken place at our factory at Moreton on the Wirral peninsula and by the end of 1959 work had started on a very large building to which we expect to transfer a further section of our assortment production. At Bournville itself we are hoping over the next three years to replace some of the seventy and eighty-year-old buildings which, although structurally sound, fall short of modern standards. Although we hope to replace much of the original factory with modern buildings, it is not expected that the total numbers employed at Bournville will rise above the present level. The introduction of a shorter working week in the near future, which has now been agreed in principle at the Joint Industrial Council for the industry, must have an effect on the numbers employed and on the availability of factory space. We accept the need for spreading the industrial load to other parts of the country and have during the year transferred some of our chocolate making and moulding to Moreton.

PERSONAL RELATIONS

No field of industry is so important at the present time as that of personal relations. We have always believed that in this field a great deal depends on good communications. At Bournville and in our other factories this matter has always received close attention. We have good and close relationships with the Trades Unions. The first Works Councils (which are internal organisations comprising both management and workers) were started as long ago as 1918 and their most important feature is the work of the Shop Committees. At Bournville alone there are 104 Shop Committees which meet regularly.

RESULTS

The writing down of the value of our stocks of cocoa has resulted in a substantial fall in the group net profits for 1959 to 2.4 millions. I have every confidence that we shall be able to recover a large part of this writing down in 1960.

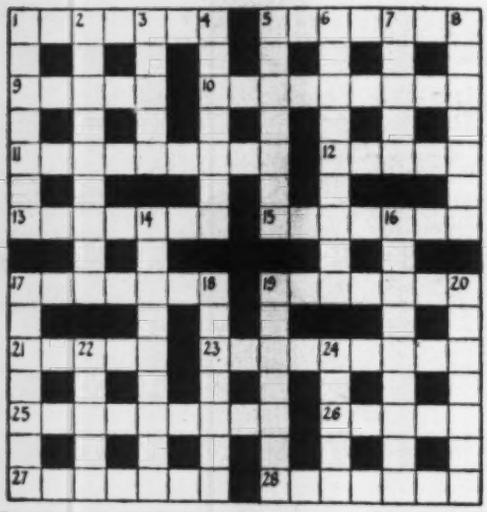
It may be thought from the accounts that the ordinary shareholders in the British Cocoa and Chocolate Company Limited received a very substantial increase in dividends. This, in fact, was not so. In order that the Company's Profit Tax liability should not be unnecessarily increased the Directors did not recommend payment of ordinary dividends in March and April 1959 out of the profits of 1958, which is our usual practice, but out of the profits of 1959. If these interim dividends paid in March and April 1959 were excluded from the dividends for 1959 and added to those of 1958, the total dividend paid and proposed for 1959 is only a little more than that for the previous year.

There is little doubt that our industry is meeting stiff competition. The shortages of materials caused by the war and its aftermath have been removed. Although there is more spending money available than ever before this is heavily committed on hire purchase. Competition is, however, good for all of us and I have every confidence that we shall be able successfully to meet the problems of the sixties as we met those of the twenties and thirties.

Dad—
our snaps
are super!
Simple to use, nothing complicated. Excellent for the youngsters (and not forgetting the wife, too!) Has eye-level viewfinder and is flash synchronised. Extremely good value at 37/6.
coronet 6 6 6
37/6
Post Coupon for Details. Please send me your free booklets.
Name .....
Address .....
Coronet Ltd. Dept 79, Summer Lane, Birmingham, 19

Week-end Crossword 407

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 407, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 7 June.



ACROSS

1. Fastening gives father an unpleasant sensation (7).
5. Chalets converted into something for schoolchildren (7).
9. Part of the house with a welcome in it (5).
10. Material which makes a socialist flower (9).
11. One of those who have righteous minds, in Chesterton's view (9).
12. Planet with cultural centre (5).
13. Jack's place is the goal of the chase (7).
15. Spring and river (7).
17. Put the sovereign out of circulation in money matters (7).
19. Twisting game (7).
21. Means of detection as the cops turned back (5).
23. Wait for the morning transport with a young animal (9).
25. What to write on with the epistle in one part rewritten (9).
26. Vessels in which I am among mates (5).
27. Part of body which gives you money back among children (7).
28. Instructed in a period of extra in education (7).

DOWN

1. Dutiful behaviour in easy matches? (7).
2. Number observed if there were no incident (9).
3. Publication dispute (5).
4. Instrument for holding grain and fruit (7).
5. The bird has to fight on the line (7).
6. His joy is a plant (9).
7. One without love needs a change from 12 (5).
8. Pitched forward and, missing the middle, hurled erratically (7).
14. Cripple in changing something fundamental (9).
16. Converted to it again for excitement (9).
17. Contemporary who has to beat relatives up (7)
18. The whale has a small amount to eat up (7).
19. For show put a whip round the naked (7).
20. Oiled as in strong desire (7).
22. Was fond of a party with Ray (5).
24. Fish which is good in the water (5).

Solution to No. 405

PRIZEWINNERS To No. 405

Mrs W. Sherard (London)
Wm. J. Young (Mickleover)
P. McNaughton (London)

PERSONAL

'WAR OR PEACE'

MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND WHO ARE OPPOSED TO MODERN WAR AND WHO WISH TO JOIN WITH OTHERS OF A LIKE MIND SHOULD WRITE TO:

Anglican Pacifist Fellowship, (S),
29 Great James St, London, WC1.

VINTAGE 1937 Ginn gramophone, light oak, elec. motor, exponential horn, good condition. Best offer. Penning-Rowsell, Yew Trees House, Wootton, Woodstock.

YOUNG painter – serious and talented, seeks part-time employment and/or accom. for month of August preferably in country. Capable and qualified teacher. Anything considered. Box 4768.

SCHOLAR seeks someone (indifferent to pauses, repetitions) to type at dictation (typewriter supplied), about 1-31 July, Irish town; scenic area near; continuous time-forgetting work but hours can vary daily; pay nominal (£4 weekly), live in, no service exc. laundry (out), extempore food arrangements. See in England/Ireland June. Box 4902.

EXCHANGE holiday: German student, f 19, wants to spend July with English family, return visit from Sept. Bondy, Goslar/Harz 20b, Eichendorffweg 2.

FOULNESS Direct Action prisoner selling Ford Prefect De Luxe; August 1959; 6,000 miles; £550. Also 'G. & T.' Longline Put-U-Up incorporating interior sprung double bed, £50; and 'Fyne Ladye' dining suite, £80. Both 1959 exhibition. Perfect condition. Ring LEE 9373.

ITALY. Young couple offer 2 seats in Ford car for camping holiday in Sept. Share expenses. Phone BEC. 7871.

LIFT for two reqd approx. 16 July S France, share expenses. GER. 6544

CHILDREN'S summer holiday school. Every care. Trained staff. Write: Principal, 18 Callis Court Road, Broadstairs, Kent. Telephone Thanet 62783.

STUD., f. 20, shs others to walk/drive in Europe Aug.-Sept. Box 4721.

AMATEUR viola-player whose regular quartet collapsed shs another. WES 4685.

IS any London reader of this journal, preferably living near Lewisham, willing to offer a foster home to a lively, attractive, intelligent West Indian girl of 4½ years, frustrated by partial deafness and urgently in need of individual attention. Write to the London County Council, Area Children's Officer, (SDO/NS/1319/5), 106 Weston Street, London, SE1.

FOR sale, Barge 70' × 7. Three bedrms, saloon, kitchen, bathroom, electricity. 40 mins West End. £950 o.n.o. KEN. 8453.

MAN'S Bicycle, upright, wanted, in decent condn. Reas. price. PAD. 5062.

BORED retired accountant would keep accounts of charity, society, small business or something sim. pt-time. Box 4765.

IF you have a teenage son, would you welcome a German boy of 16 this summer? Pilgrims, Cranston Rd, East Grinstead, Sx.

A FRIENDLY Society meets at theatres, concerts, operas, ballet, dances, members' homes, outings etc. Non-members can join our parties for Holidays Abroad. S.a.e. Companions Club, 11s, Dryden Chambers, London, W1. GER. 3063-5338.

PERSONAL—continued

NATIONAL Charity concerned with relief work overseas requires Administrative Secretary at headquarters in Oxford. Deputises for General Secretary and responsible for all administrative, legal and committee work. Good commencing salary and prospects for able and energetic man, preferably over 30. Children's allowances and Pension Scheme. Full particulars of age, qualifications, experience and present salary, in envelope marked 'Personal', to be addressed to the General Secretary, Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, 17 Broad Street, Oxford.

TWO University students (male) seek employment for Long Vacation. Do anything, go anywhere. Would prefer overpaid underdutied job, but due to our impecunious position would accept underpaid overdutied one as a last resort. Absolutely anything considered. Write Box 4697.

VERY low cost holiday at farmhouse, La Charité sur Loire, for man or woman in return for joint use of car during holiday. August. Box 4675.

POCKET money and holiday accommodation in cottage annexe, best part of Cotswolds, suit 2 friends. Return part-time household – or permanency. Box 4614.

OVER-fifties. Small group music-lovers meets wkly Bayswater area. Records, radio, coffee, chat. No subs. Box 4678.

HOLIDAYS in woodland property (800ft) Chilterns; English children (ages 6-16) welcomed to mix with small group children from France (same ages) from 26 July for one month. Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Ave, NW3.

DEVA, Northern Spain. Flat to let July, September, sleep 10, nr sea, £45 p. month. Hamlyn, 26 Trinity Close, SW4.

STUDENT & youth Crusade to Yugoslavia, plus magnificent holiday. Box 4905.

HAS any Antique Dealer small space or room to let for modest rental to lady dealer with small stock but no premises? – nr Central London. Box 4810.

WELL-established author gives expert help expanding theme, developing plots. Box 4819.

LUXURIOUS furnished 2-bedroom flat St John's Wood to rent first 3 weeks August, £20 weekly incl. CUN. 7830.

HAMBURG outskirts: country house, large garden, welc. paying guests. DM. 300 per month. Box 4707.

WILL any friend give full- or part-time employment (London area) to young woman, aged 30, science graduate, library experience, with slight physical and psychological handicap? Not salary but useful employment the main consideration. Write Alice Eden, c/o 12 Wood Side, Erskine Hill, NW11.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNightsbridge 7323.

IF you think Nature Cure is just diet or just a fad, write to The Secretary, The Incorporated Society of Registered Naturopaths, Kingston, Edinburgh 9.

DOGS die prematurely from disease or poison, get run over, cause accidents, get lost and stolen. Is your dog safe? Insure your dog with Canine Insurance. Full cover includes veterinary fees and £10,000 Third Party Indemnity. Write today for free brochure. Canine Insurance Assn, 90 Gracechurch St, London, EC3. (established over a quarter of a century).

PERSONAL—continued

TO Munich 27 June. Who would share Hillman ride? HAMpstead 2143.

FRENCHMAN, teacher/lecturer, 38, degree, bilingual, seeks work July/August/Sept. in Summer School involving social/sport activities. Box 4871.

CAMERAMAN wanted with own 16mm camera interested helping make Art Film, competition standard. Commencing London Sept. Must be really interested in modern painting of American Rothko type. Box 4891.

FAST Norwegian dinghy with inboard engine & trailer. Priv. hire. PARk 5537

MATISSE Exhibition Amsterdam. ICA Visit to Amsterdam and Rotterdam 16-17 June. Only a few seats left. Enquiries about membership and tour to Secretary, 17/18 Dover St, W1.

ECONOMIST wants portraits of great economists from Ricardo to Keynes. Photo reproductions or otherwise. G. Shepherd, 12 Bute Gardens, Glasgow W2.

DO you wear spectacles? Tired and strained eyes can be treated by Dr W. H.Bates' method of relaxation at a London Clinic. LANgham 3626 for parties.

A CHALLENGE to intelligence. Can you pass the entrance test to Mensa, a friendly but exclusive national society for the unusually intelligent? Send 9" × 4" s.a.e. to T8, 'Sandringham', Briscoe Road, Rainham, Essex.

GERMAN tuition. Expd native teacher. Beginners' group starts now. Box 4650.

WRITE to sell – with Know-How! No Sales – No Fees training shows you how to write what editors buy. Benefit also from The Writer, plus two practical writing encyclopaedias – free! Send for Free NI 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success' (45th edition). BA School of Successful Writing, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, catalogues, etc., with illus. Susan Tully Ltd, 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAY 6093.

4½% Interest (tax paid). Invest in a 4% Society with a proud policy; loans to owner-occupiers only through The New Homes Building Society, E. Twickenham, Mddx. Chrm: Anthony Marlowe, MP

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

HOLIDAY Help: Educated foreign girls want 'au pair' posts for 2-4 mths. ACB Ltd, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

DISCUSSION Groups, conferences, theatre, sunbathing, poetry and painting among friendly members of the Progressive League (N3), 20 Buckingham Street, WC2.

DEANER Printers Ltd for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd, E2 SHOreditch 3889/6040.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Critiques, and success letters from students.

PERSONAL—continued

IMPECUNIOUS but Aesthetic? Please send for catalogue: Margery Dean, Wivenhoe, Essex. Good inexpensive antiques.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted. Victor Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

TV urgently needs scripts. Learn to write Drama, Comedy, Serials, etc., by correspondence with personal tuition from practising professionals. Write TV Writing Schl., Dept 198, 14 Sackville St, W1, or tel. REG 0721 stating any special interests.

LYRICS & sketches reqd. Scripts and s.a.e.: Irving Th., Leicester Sq, WC2.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO 9595), for conversn & tuition.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair' (2) req. free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also paying asn. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806

FOREIGN Languages on Records. Visaphone French or German, 9 LP records & 2 books, Russian (July) 7 LP records & 2 books £8 11s. post-free. Interpret Holiday Courses 3 LP records & 2 books £3 12s. post-free. Interphone 'Lightning' Conversational Courses French, Italian, Spanish or German 2 LP records & 3 booklets 37s. post-free. Free Trial – No Deposit. Details from: BBS Ltd (Dept NS), 10 Bayley Street, London, WC1. MUS. 7223.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet Regent Institute (Dept E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. There may be a group near you. Write Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Ter, W8.

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

ENJOY your work found through Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. Licensed by LCC. Member of Employment Agents' Federation.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS, Plays, testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 239-241 Shaftesbury Ave (Oxford St end), WC2. COV. 1817.

DUPLICATING, sh/typg. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT. 3324.

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating, Bills/Quantity. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

APOLLO Agency for typewriting, duplicating and all secretarial services, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAYfair 5091.

OUR Service – any job at any time. Duplicating, Typing, Translns, all secretarial work, 24 hr service. Personal attn. Ink Agency, 76c Rochester Row SW1. VIC 7333

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St, W8 WES 5809

TRANSLATIONS: Engl.-German, Ger.-Engl. Ley, 54 Manchester St, WE1 1739

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUSTRALIAN BROADCASTING COMMISSION

JAPANESE LANGUAGE STAFF
RADIO AUSTRALIA
MELBOURNE

Applications are invited from male Japanese subjects who are unmarried for the position of Supervisor/Translator, Japanese Section, with the Overseas Service of the Australian Broadcasting Commission (Radio Australia) located in Melbourne.

Salary Range: £A1,675-2,005 per annum.

Duties:
Responsible to the Director of Programmes (Overseas) for the supervision of the staff and programmes of the Japanese Section, including supervision of translation of news and talks scripts from English into Japanese, arrangement and recording of interviews and other programme material, auditioning Japanese programmes and answering of listeners' mail. Training of staff in both translation and announcing duties.

Qualifications:
Applicants must be able to speak English fluently, translate accurately and speedily into Japanese and speak standard Japanese clearly and correctly. Previous broadcasting experience and ability to supervise staff are essential.

Conditions:
The engagement will be by contract for an initial period of three years at a salary within the above range according to qualifications and experience. The engagement may be extended by mutual consent, in which case, if the appointee is engaged for a further period of three years, consideration will be given to allowing him leave to visit his home with air fares paid by the Australian Broadcasting Commission. Working conditions include 72 hours work per fortnight, and payment at increased rates for overtime and work at weekends, three weeks' annual leave and sick leave. The Australian Broadcasting Commission will meet the cost of air fares to Australia for the successful applicant.

Applications must be submitted in both English and Japanese and should state age, education, experience, and the date upon which, if successful, the applicant can take up duty in Melbourne. Copies only of references should be included with applications. Successful applicants will be required to pass a medical examination.

Applications will close on 10 June 1960 and are to be addressed to

OVERSEAS REPRESENTATIVE
AUSTRALIAN BROADCASTING COMMISSION
54 PORTLAND PLACE,
LONDON, W1.

REPUBLIC OF THE SUDAN

Applications are invited from those suitably qualified to fill vacancies in the Khartoum Technical Institute, Ministry of Education, Sudan, as Senior Lecturers and Lecturers in Accountancy. Candidates should be professionally qualified Accountants and should hold the ACCA. Teaching experience in a similar appointment will be an advantage. Minimum age 25 years.

Duties:
Those appointed will be required to prepare students for the Intermediate Examination of the Association of Chartered and Corporate Accountants.

Terms of Service:
Appointment will be on contract, with bonus, for a period of up to five years. Salary scale ranges from £S1,075 to £S1,975 for Senior Lecturers and £S1,075 to £S1,675 for Lecturers. Point of entry into scale will be determined according to age, qualifications and experience. A cost of living allowance which is reviewed every two months is payable. An outfit allowance of £S50 is payable on appointment.

Full particulars and application forms are available from the Appointments Section, Sudan Embassy, 3 Cleveland Row, St James's, London, SW1. When applying, please quote reference 4/1027.

Closing date 30 June 1960.

ACCOUNTS. A vacancy occurs through retirement for an experienced Bookkeeper (female). Thorough knowledge PAYE essential. Congenial modern offices. Good salary. Apply The Secretary, West London Synagogue of British Jews, 33 Seymour Place, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

INTERNATIONAL

GRAMOPHONE RECORD

COMPANY

seeks young man, not over 35 and preferably single, to work in its advertising department in the Netherlands. The position is one of considerable responsibility and involves working at speed and on one's own initiative. It calls for the writing of original notes for record sleeves and the writing and editing of material for publicity purposes. A wide knowledge of classical music is essential and an all-round interest in gramophone records and advertising desirable. A knowledge of popular music would also be an advantage.

Write, giving full details of experience, to: Adv. Agency De la Mar, Nr. V. Z. 3079, Amsterdam, Holland.

GOVERNMENT
OF NORTHERN RHODESIA

Social Welfare Organiser, male, preferably between 25 and 40, who will be responsible to Director of Social Welfare, for the training of Social Workers (African and European) at University and Sub-University levels. University degree or Diploma in Social Science, with experience in the training of Social Workers (especially Social Case Workers) essential. (A related degree in Economics, Psychology or Sociology would be acceptable if candidate has necessary experience). Post permanent and pensionable. Salary at appropriate point in scale £1,315 to £1,950 p.a. (Special interim allowance of 5% of salary also payable). Quarters at low rental. Free passages. Generous home leave. Low income tax. Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD 130/3/04/A4. Candidates should state their full names when applying.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE
SOUTHERN GENERAL HOSPITAL
GLASGOW, SW1.
CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGISTS

Applications are invited for three appointments as probationary Clinical Psychologists. The successful applicants will be expected to take the two-year course for the Diploma in Clinical Psychology of the University of Glasgow. While taking the course they will carry out duties during the first year in hospitals in Glasgow, and during the second year at the Crichton Royal, Dumfries. Applicants should hold a First or Second Class Honours Degree in Psychology of a British university or an equivalent qualification. Payment will be on the Whitley Council Salary Scale for probationary psychologists.

Application should be made in the first instance to the Professor of Psychological Medicine.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM
SENIOR CHILD CARE OFFICER:
APT III.

The Children's Committee has reorganised the child care (field) work on a 4-area basis, each area being staffed by an Area Child Care Officer assisted by a Senior and other Child Care Officers and an appropriate clerical staff.

There is now a vacancy for a Senior Child Care Officer as a result of promotion within the Department. Applicants should possess a degree, social science diploma and/or the Home Office Child Care Officer's Certificate, and should have had extensive experience of this type of work.

Further details obtainable from Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham, 3. PO Box 93.

Closing date for applications – 22 June 1960.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE
COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE
APPOINTMENT OF WOMAN
CHILD CARE OFFICER

A vacancy arises for a woman Child Care Officer with additional responsibilities, in the North Notts area, working from an Area Office in Worksop. Candidates should possess the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, a Social Science Diploma or an appropriate University Degree and have had experience in Child Care work. There are opportunities to develop preventive and rehabilitation and adoption work and short stay boarding-out. An interest in student supervision is desirable. Assisted car purchase scheme. Salary APT I (£610-£765) to APT II (£765-£800). The commencing salary will be fixed according to experience and qualifications.

Application form and further particulars obtainable from Mrs M. R. Spence, Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham.

A. R. DAVIS,
Clerk of the County Council.

WELFARE OFFICER

required
by Group of Engineering Companies for Central Personnel Department in West London.

The post is suitable for a young woman graduate 21/25 and carries a commencing salary of £600. IPM training an advantage.

Apply, giving details of age, experience and qualifications to Box 4842.

Write to Sidney L. Bernstein, Chairman, Granada TV Network Ltd., if you are qualified for and interested in becoming

HEAD OF DESIGN

at Granada's MANCHESTER TV CENTRE.

The post carries the responsibility for the day to day administration of the Design Department and overall responsibility for the operation of both Design and Construction Departments.

A senior appointment, which offers attractive terms and conditions.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROCHDALE & DISTRICT HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE AND ROCHDALE COUNTY BOROUGH

Applications are invited for the post of

SENIOR CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST

for duties in the Rochdale Group of Hospitals and with the Rochdale County Borough. The post involves the provision of Clinical Psychological Services as part of a team working in the Psychiatric Unit in the general hospital, which consists of 100 Psychiatric beds with an admission rate of 250 and a busy Out-Patient department. This deals primarily with adult psychiatry. The work on behalf of the local authority would involve both adult and child work so that the position offers a wide and interesting field covering most aspects of psychiatry.

Interest in research would be an advantage and the opportunities for this, with a closely integrated and fairly static population, are manifold.

The conditions and terms are in accordance with PTA circular 72, that is – £1,025 × £50(8) – £1,425. An In-Service training scheme, for the training of Clinical Psychologists, is under discussion for the Region as a whole, and the successful applicant would be expected to participate.

Apply: Group Secretary, Birch Hill Hospital, Rochdale, Lancs.

MOTIVATION RESEARCH

If you have a lively mind and would like an active outdoor job you may be interested in interviewing for a new firm using the most-up-to-date methods.

We require women between 25 and 45 who have a good education and three or more days a week to spare.

There is also full-time work for the right person if she is free to spend some time away from home.

Please reply to Box Number 4556.

THE COUNCIL OF INDUSTRIAL DESIGN

offers temporary post suitable for a married woman with children, as secretary to the Recruitment Officer. 24-35 hours per week up to end of October; August off if required; salary 5s. 9d. per hour at age 25. Qualifications: good education, good speeds and secretarial experience.

Write or telephone for application form to Recruitment Officer, CoID, 28 Haymarket, SW1.

INSTRUMENT OR TOOLMAKER

Young, fully-trained, versatile, to work single-handed developing and manufacturing from crude sketches, small high-priced precision equipment, for new sub-company with good ideas. £18 p.w. plus participation in profits, managership in view.

Film Surveys Equipments Ltd.,
54 Upper Montagu St, London, W1.

BBC requires Burmese Programme Organiser (British subject) for its Asian Services based in London. Duties include planning and production of programmes, supervision and co-ordination of duties of programme staff broadcasting in Burmese and preparation in English of news bulletins, commentaries, talks and features for translation. Wide cultural and general background essential; experience in producing and building broadcast programmes, sense of news value, news experience and ability to write for broadcasting would be advantages. Candidates should have definite interest in, and knowledge of, international affairs, with particular reference to South East Asia. Knowledge of Burma and Burmese language desirable, but successful candidate must in any case be willing to study the language in order to become reasonably fluent. Salary £1,395 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,770 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.247 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

EXPERIENCED Social Worker required by London County Council for appointment as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser at Deptford Chest Clinic, Harton Street, Deptford, SE8. Must possess Certificate of Institute of Hospital Almoners or recognised social science certificate. Married women eligible. Salary: £679 (at age 24) – £884, commencing point according to qualifications and experience. Duties include medico-social and secretarial work arising from administration of local voluntary fund for the benefit of patients. Application form from Divisional Medical Officer, (DI/NS/12267/5), St Paul's House, Deptford High Street, SE8. Closing date 20 June.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Assistant-in-Charge (Cataloguing) in Television Film Library at Ealing to be responsible to Film Librarian for supervision and control of Cataloguing Section. Work of Section includes indexing, under more than 6,000 different headings and cross-references, of all film received into Film Library for future use in Television Service and conduct of research into material available in Library to fulfil producers' requirements. Associateship of the Library Association, or some similar qualification, an advantage. Organising ability and ability to adapt normal methods of library work to classification of film, together with experience of controlling staff essential. Good visual sense and understanding of possible use of film in Television programmes desirable. Salary £675 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £875 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.243 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in Education. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Qualifications are required in any of the following fields: philosophy of education; child development; educational psychology; educational measurement; research methodology; remedial education of school children; the education of exceptional children; educational sociology; educational administration; secondary education. Consideration will be given to applicants holding special qualifications in fields other than those listed. The salary for a lecturer will be £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 8 July 1960.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in Classics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. The salary will be £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 8 July 1960.

THE University of Leeds. Department of History. Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer in Mediæval Archæology at a salary on the scale £1,050 x £50 – £1,400 x £75 – £1,850 a year (efficiency bar probably at £1,550), according to age, qualifications and experience. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with names of three refs, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 24 June 1960.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited from candidates with special interest in industrial economics for a post of Research/Teaching Fellow in Applied Economics. Duties to begin 1 October 1960. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience in the range £750-£1,000, with FSSU provision and family allowance. A grant towards removal expenses will be made. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (4 copies) should be sent by 11 June 1960.

THE Scientific Civil Service needs men and women for pensionable posts as (a) Senior Scientific Officers and (b) Scientific Officers in all major scientific fields, including Physics, Engineering, Chemistry, Meteorology, Mathematics and Biology. Age limits: (a) at least 26 and under 32, (b) at least 21 and under 29. Extension for regular Forces Service and Overseas Civil Service. Qualifications: normally first or second class honours degree in Science, Mathematics or Engineering, or equivalent attainment; additionally for (a), at least 3 years' relevant (e.g. post-graduate) experience. London salaries (men): (a) £1,233-£1,460, (b) £655-£1,150; provision for starting pay above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting (a) S/53/60, (b) S/52/60.

LONDON County Council. Chartered Librarians are invited to apply for positions of Librarian Grade III in the Education Library Service for full or half time appointments in schools. Salary scale £690-£940 (pro rata for half-time appointments); appointment above the minimum, if appropriate. Five day week. Full information and application forms from the Education Officer (Estab. 2/C), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 17 June 1960.

PRINCIPAL Psychologist: Civil Service Commission. Pensionable post in London for man or woman at least 31 on 1.6.60 with prescribed professional qualifications in Psychology and thorough knowledge of statistical methods used in personnel selection. Duties include interviewing and reporting on candidates at graduate level, devising and setting cognitive tests, and assisting with research into methods of personnel selection. Salary scale (men) £1,685-£2,090. Starting salary may be above minimum. Write Civil Service Commission, 9 Burlington Gdns, London, W1, for application form, quoting 5140/60. Closing date 21 June 1960.

ASSISTANT Keeper: Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh. Pensionable post in Department of Natural History for man or woman at least 21 on 1 August 1960, with First or Second Class honours degree in Zoology, or acceptable equivalent. Final year students may apply. Duties include detailed work on bird and insect collections, maintaining study collections, and arranging exhibitions. Men's salary scales £1,185-£1,865 or £635-£905 according to age, qualifications and experience. On lower scale starting salary may be above minimum. Candidates 30 or over considered for direct appointment on higher scale. Promotion prospects. Write Director, Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh, 1, for application form. Closing date 24 June 1960.

LONDON Probation Service. Applications invited from men over age twenty-eight for appointment in September as probation officers in Metropolitan Magistrates' Courts area. Social work or other relevant experience essential; social science or other university qualification an advantage. Salary £745 a year at twenty-eight; £775 at age twenty-nine or over, rising by annual increments to £940. Training given during the first year of service. Further particulars and application form from Probation Division (Room 703(L)), Home Office, 271/277 High Holborn, London, WC1. Last day for application – 11 June 1960.

LONDON County Council. Experienced men required for Summer holiday daytime work at Play Centres in schools and at open spaces. Should have knowledge of games and ability to control groups of children. Application forms (giving rates of pay, obtainable from Education Officer (PS.8) County Hall, SE1), should be completed and returned as soon as possible.

EXPERIENCED Social Worker reqd by LCC as local tuberculosis care organiser (half-time) at Lambeth South Chest Clinic, St Francis' Hospital, Constance Road, SE22. Must possess Cert. of Institute of Hospital Almoners or recognised social science cert. £339 10s. rising to £442 commencing accdg to quals and expce. Duties of medico-social nature and may include secretarial work arising from administration of local voluntary funds for benefit of patients. Married women eligible. Form from Divisional Medical Officer (D1/NS/1372/5), 128 Brook Drive, SE11. Closing date 20 June.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Finsbury. Redevelopment schemes including multi-storied flats are being undertaken in this Central London Borough and Housing Assistants are required in Housing Department for interesting duties including general management and rent collection. Housing management experience and previous service in municipal Housing Department advantageous. Salary (excluding London weighting) within London General Division Scale according to experience and qualifications, rising, subject to satisfactory service, to £595 per annum and, if possessing the necessary educational qualifications, to £730 per annum. Possession of Final Certificate of Institute of Housing or Housing Managers' Certificate will qualify for salary within Grade APT.I (£610-£765). No housing accommodation provided. Successful applicant to pass medical examination and contribute to Superannuation Fund. Applications, stating age, experience and qualifications, with names and addresses of two referees, to the undersigned by 8 June 1960. Henry A. Davey, Town Clerk, Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, EC1.

DEVON County Council require Psychiatric Social Workers for Child Guidance Service. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate or the equivalent but students in training may apply. Whitley Council Scales and conditions. Details and application forms, returnable by 4 June 1960, from Principal School Medical Officer, 45 St David's Hill, Exeter.

HOUSEFATHER required mid-July, young adults Spastic Centre near London. Congenial surroundings, scale national joint council local authorities. Box 4633.

INTER-University Jewish Federation invites applications for newly created post of National Organising Secretary. Preferably young graduate experienced in student activities, typing ability an advantage. After trial period, two year engagement renewable only for further two years. Good salary according to qualifications. Person graduating this year would be considered. Applications, in writing, giving full details to: 1 Endsleigh Street, London, WC1.

GERMAN/English typist wanted for Research Institute, W1. Box 4907.

OXFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Applications are invited from persons possessing a Mental Health Certificate for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker for the Oxfordshire Child Guidance clinics based on six centres and a hostel for maladjusted children. Students completing training can be considered. The post offers opportunities for intensive case work. An interest in running seminars with other social workers and in helping to develop a mental health preventive service among the parents of young families would be an advantage. Salary conditions of service in accordance with the Whitley Council Scales (£610 × £25 – £785 × £30 – £845). Previous experience will be taken into account in fixing the starting point on the scale. The successful applicant will be required to provide a car for which an allowance in accordance with the Council's scale will be paid. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, accompanied by two testimonials and the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Director of Education, County Offices, New Rd, Oxford, within 3 weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

SUSSEX. St Leonards-on-Sea. Young, qualified resident teacher required for post with scope for imaginative individual work with adolescent girls suffering from asthma or other psychosomatic symptoms. Applicants should be able to teach general subjects and preferably have an interest in games and remedial physical education. The school, administered by the Invalid Children's Aid Association, is recognised by the Ministry of Education for 30 girls aged 9-16. Salary according to the Burnham Scale for Special Schools; superannuation. Residential emoluments in return for extraneous duties. Applications to the General Secretary, ICAA, 4 Palace Gate, London, W8.

ST BERNARD'S Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Psychologist (Part-time) required. (Up to 5 sessions weekly). National Health Service Whitley Council rates and conditions. Applications giving full details of age, quals and experience and names and addresses of three referees to Physician Superintendent; the successful candidate may be reqd to pass a medical examination.

PARKLANDS Reception Centre, Whitminster, Gloucestershire requires a Deputy Matron. She will be required to carry out all the normal duties in connection with caring for the children, to be in charge in the absence of the Matron and Warden, to attend Case Conferences and help plan the future of the children who pass through the Centre. This Centre has its own school. Salary: £420 p.a. × £20(5) – £520 p.a. less £120 p.a. for board and lodging, plus £30 p.a. if in possession of the Certificate in the Residential Care of Children of the Central Training Council in Child Care. Post superannuated; medical examination before appointment. Applications and names of three referees should be forwarded to the Children's Officer, St John's Lane, Gloucester, within 14 days. Guy H. Davis, Clerk of the Cnty Cncil.

WE need a Social Worker interested in psychiatric cases & community work, to help on fascinating pilot project. Apply: Hauser, Institute for Group and Society Development, 15 North Side, SW4.

HOUSEKEEPER required for Jewish Old Age Home in London suburb. Excellent remuneration & accommodation. Box 4797.

WANTED: A married couple. Cottage provided with full board. Child Care and domestic work in school for maladjusted children (fully recognised by the Ministry of Education). Good pay and adequate free time. Large staff. Apply: The Principal, The Mulberry Bush School, Standlake, Nr Witney, Oxon.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. (Co-educational boarding school with own farm. 60 pupils). Geography master needed for September. Scope for initiative, good coast for geologists. Burnham scale, Government superannuation. Apply in writing to the Principals, enclosing curriculum vitae and testimonials.

TUTORS Male required June/September. Graduates in Modern Languages preferred. Good disciplinarians, and interested in organising social side of Country House Party for young foreigners. Pleasant holiday post. Box 4784.

HOLBORN Solicitors with general practice require admitted Assistant to Partner. Applicant must be under 33 and have experience in Conveyancing, Company and Commercial Drafting, with some Litigation and Divorce; he should be energetic, ambitious and self-reliant, with a personality which exudes reliability; if he has these qualities (which are essential) he will have prospects of an eventual Partnership in an expanding practice; the starting salary will be up to £1,000 p.a., depending on qualifications. Write Box 224, Reynells, 44 Chancery Lane, WC2.

YOUNG Women between 20 and 35 with experience of housework other than helping Mummy, wanted for summer course to help with chores: hard work but pleas. social life; £4 a week resident or more for the domestically elect; vacancies now (some later) until 17 Sept. Write Box 4789.

GERMAN shorthand typist for Lawyer's office wtd. Hrs. 9-5, salary £11. Apply Dr Kraft, 7 Kingsmead, New Barnet, Herts

TWO Occupational Therapists required for special posts at Napsbury Mental Hospital. The successful applicants will work exclusively on a 40-bed male admission ward for acute mental illness. While orthodox Occupational Therapy techniques are used, the emphasis is on interpersonal relationships and treatment is along group lines, each Therapist being attached to a patient group. There are daily meetings of the whole ward. The staff, consisting of a Psychiatrist, Nurses and Occupational Therapists, meet daily; all administrative and treatment problems are discussed and there is ample teaching of group dynamics, case studies and formulations of psychopathology. These posts offer excellent opportunities for a deeper understanding of psychiatric disorders. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with Whitley Council recommendations. Applications, giving two referees, to the Medical Superintendent, Napsbury Hospital, Nr St Albans, Herts.

NURSES (SRN and SEN) wanted for Jewish Old Age Homes, London. Salary Whitley Scale or higher. Every comfort provided. Box 2849.

READING, Ideas, Discussion for women over 20. One-year residential course in History, Literature, Economics, Political Theory, Art History, Psychology etc. Good preparation for training to teaching, social work, etc. Recognised by Ministry of Education. Grants available on early application. Write: Sec. (NS), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

AN ARCHITECT'S wife or woman architect who abandoned her studies might want an interesting, though modest job, which could leave her free during School holidays. Write to The Librarian, The Architectural Association, 36 Bedford Square, WC1.

LOVED I not money more, I would have stayed at home in a nine-to-five rocking chair. As it is, I'm directing a sales enterprise involving travel throughout Europe presenting an unusually attractive children's educational programme to US military families. How about you? If you're genuinely interested in a travelling, door-to-door selling job like this, I'd like to hear from you, c/o Box 4787.

SECRETARY/Research Assistant, graduate or non-graduate, ½ or ¾ time, needed for new research unit into University and student problems. No previous research experience necessary, but real general competence expected. Good salary and considerable independence. Dr N. Malleson, 34 Woburn Square, WC1.

TRAVEL Agency specialising in travel to Eastern Europe requires efficient booking clerk to handle hotel and visa applications. Experience not essential but must have initiative and good knowledge of geography. Apply: Contours Ltd, 72 Newman St, London, W1. LAN. 7379.

I SEEK Translations from Russian, German, French into English. Wolfman, 47 Egremont Place, Brighton, Sussex.

THE post of secretary to the Head of the International Department of the Labour Party is vacant. Good shorthand and typing essential. French and/or German an advantage. Salary £650 to £700 a year. Applications should be sent not later than 8 June 1960 to the General Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1.

SECRETARY 25/35 (female, single), good education, required for Jewish Charity Organisation, interesting and progressive post, good salary. Write Box 4910.

THE Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8 (CUN. 5181) invites applications for the following staff vacancies. (a) Personal Secretary for a Minister. (b) Shorthand-Typist for Organising Secretary. Interesting work, pleasant offices and congenial conditions. Apply Assistant Secretary.

ARCHITECTS' Co-Partnership requires Secretary 21-28. Pleasant atmosphere. Good salary, LV's. Hours 9.30-6. No Sats. Holiday honoured. Please write 44 Charlotte Street, London, W1.

ANIMAL Welfare Society requires Shorthand-Typist, willing to help with general office duties. Five day week, hours 9.30-5. Small office, happy atmosphere & congenial working conditions. Box 4783.

PUBLISHING and Advertising secretarial posts: Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 3a Princes St., Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

FILM Producer requires general shorthand-typist, interesting work. Holidays met. 5-day week. MAYfair 4643.

TEMPORARY Shorthand and Copy Typists wanted a week or more, 10 to 5 or longer hours. Also many good permanent posts. Individual attention. Victoria Agency, 1 Strutton Ground, SW1. VIC. 2838.

ABELLA Roberts, agent, 6/7 Queen St, EC4, gets you the job you want. Permanencies all office staff, m./f. Needs temporary shorthand-typists, highest pay, for holiday relief work. Please call.

TEMPORARY Sec. 25/35 for Literary Agents W1. Gd hrs & salary. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0677.

EXPD typist for German segd. Shthnd or Dictaphone. Holiday relief 3 weeks from 8 Aug. London, WC1. Box 4657.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PERSONAL Secretary required for Sales Manager of leading book publishers. Interesting and varied work, good salary, L.V.'s, and summer holidays honoured. Harnish Hamilton Ltd, 90 Great Russell Street, WC1. Tel. LANgham 4621.

SYBIL Topham of Dutton's Agy wishes to interview (a) experienced Shorthand/copy typists for temporary staff. (b) competent Secretaries for interesting posts, £650-£900. 92 Gt Russell Street, WC1. MUS. 7379.

YOUNG secretary wanted for publicity department of Film Company. Intelligence, initiative & interest in films more important than fast speeds. Box 4718.

HAVE a Summit Conference with Winifred Johnson and be sure of success. Call at The Winifred Johnson Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next Gamages). HOLborn 0390, for temporary or permanent jobs.

GERMAN Shorthand-Typist, full-/part-time, reqd by Engineering Company nr Victoria Stn. Five-day wk. Box 4804.

URGENT. German publisher Frankfurt requires competent typist. English. Perhaps suit student. Box 4896.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MAN, 39, wishes to enter social work. Good educ., languages, experience of tour conducts. Casework might suit. Suggestions welc. S. Wentworth, 145 Swakeleys Rd, Ickenham, Middx. RUIslip 9410.

POST wtd by capable Admin. Secretary pref. with s/c. accom. Office Manager exp. publications, organisation internat. conferences, exhibitions. Typist, archivist. Public relations. English/French. Box 4786.

INTELL. Catalan (m) seeks 1-2 yrs whole/part-time work; pref. London. Knows Span., French, Engl. Exp. teaching, publicity (graphic & film). Box 4398.

STUDENTSHIPS AND GRANTS

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above Studentships and Grants for research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent by 1 July 1960 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

SUMMER SCHOOLS contd from p.808

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 9 May to 16 Sept., 1960. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

LEATHERHEAD Theatre, Surrey, and Studio Theatre, Kensington. 7-day courses in Dramatic Art, July and August. One Evening Course. Director: Marian Naylor. Syllabus: Miss O. Symonds, 111 Elmstead Avenue, Wembley Pk, Middlesex.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

YUGOSLAVIA

15 day air & coach tour visiting Zagreb, Jajce, Sarejevo, Split, Plitvice, with 7 glorious days in Dubrovnik.

Price from 56 GNS.

Departures fortnightly on Sundays from 5 June-11 September inclusive. You will have an opportunity to see the unforgettable Dubrovnik Festival of Art, Drama and Ballet (10 July-24 Aug.), the Split Art Festival (15 July-15 August) and the Zagreb International Fair (4-19 September).

GREECE & the GREEK ISLANDS

14 day air tours from 84 GNS.

15 day rail & sea cruise from 53 GNS. (Special 24 pp. booklet available.)

Apply for full details to:
APAL TRAVEL LTD
78 New Oxford St, London, WC1.
Tel. MUSeum 9351 (10 lines)

HOUSE PARTIES
In Britain or Abroad

There is no better holiday than an informal house party by the sea in Britain (Sussex, Cornwall, Norfolk) or on the Continent (Austria, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, Italian Riviera or in Sweden). Excellent opportunities for sports, informal entertainments, foreign language practice. Costs: 9 Gns. (Britain), 27½ Gns. (Continent). Substantial Family Reductions.
ERNA LOW, 47 (NS), Old Brompton Road, SW7. KEN. 8881-2.

HOTEL Parco, Capri, Italy. Room with balcony overlooking Bay of Naples, good food, big garden. All mod. cons. English spoken. Moderate terms.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1960 booklet 'Better Holidays' Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN 3101.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

LENINGRAD & MOSCOW BY SEA

Just a few places left on our 17-day tour leaving 10 June. – 67 gns inclusive.

Apply immediately to:
CONTOURS LTD
72 Newman Street, LONDON, W1.
Tel. MUSeum 8499 & 6463.

WEEK-END IN NEW YORK

For the first time a realistic approach for the man of modest means and limited time seeking a HOLIDAY IN CANADA & USA. From scores of 'down to earth' suggestions ranging from a week-end in New York to a grand ocean tour you can 'build it yourself' to suit your time, pocket and inclination. Write, 'phone or call for your free copy of 'Atlantic Adventure' NOW.

J. D. HEWETT & CO., 109 Jermyn Street, London, SW1. WHItehall 3535.
Member Association of British Travel Agents.

TWO weeks minibus tour five countries. Week Lake Garda. Visit Venice. 27 gns. Ring PRI. 0866 (not Sun.) or Box 4694.

4-room Mediterranean villa, South Tunisia, to let furnished 5 July to 10 Sept. Rent £6 wkly incl. elec. Box 4938.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage av. to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150 Indian Natl Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, WC1. HOL. 1193.

P.G.'s received in English author-journalist's attractive villa 'Inga', Camino Son Toells, San Agustin, Palma, Majorca. But no vacancies pre-Oct. Most attractive terms incl. wine. Write Harry J. Greenwall, as above.

WHERE TO STAY

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gertionydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Treffiw, Llanrwst 166.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs & milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch.: Mr & Mrs N. Lusby. VCA Mems. Tel. 508.

CHAGFORD. The centre for Devon in the centre of Devon. Illus. Guide 1s. from Dept 'E', Hotels Assn, Chagford.

COTSWOLD Hills. Cottage Guest Hse; excellent centre; gd food; 18s. 6d. dly; £5 10s. wkly. No vacs Aug. Brochure: Tansley, Yew Trees, Cockleford, Cowley, Cheltenham.

WONDERING where to go? Try an evening or a fortnight at 'Sinah Warren' where woodlands meet the sea. Luxury chalets with own private bath etc. Superb cuisine, dinner dances, cabarets. Many other sports available. Only 2½ gns daily. Colour brochure from Dept NS, Sinah Warren Chalet Hotel, Hayling Island, Hants.

COTSWOLDS. Guests welc. from 23 July in simple country hse, lovely valley. 8 gns. From mid-Sept. 7 gns. Steanbridge, nr Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2093 evgs.

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists. 100 pages, 2s. 10d., post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

ROTHENEUF (St Malo), Brittany. Kerryvonn Hotel. From 30s. (June 25s.). Mod. comf. Seaviews, Sands. Illus. leaflet.

PORTSCHACH - am - Wortersee: Young Austrian couple offer rooms 20-28 A. schgs p. day. Bkfst & sch. H. & c., balcony with superb views lake (1 mile), mntns, woods. Pkg. Schweiger, Moosburger Str. 88, or Gillespie, Papworth Everard, Cambs.

SCHOOLS

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

SCHOOLS—continued

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

TWO furn. rms, kit'ette, boy abt 8 yrs wnt. £4 10s. p.w. EAL. 8596.

COMF. sgle bed-sit. rm, concld kit'ette, Mod. rent. Quiet house. LAD. 3031.

COMF. bed-sit.-room offered by professional woman to another. W9 flat. Use kitchen, telephone. 47s. Box 4945.

LARGE rm & kit., part-furn. All convs. Super. hse, NW2. GLA. 9083 after 7.

REGENT'S Park. Furn. maisonette, dble, £32 mthly. EUS. 3852 Sat./Sunday.

NW3. Large furn. flat to let, 6 weeks mid-July to mid-Sept. Box 4858.

FOREST Hill. B'fast, evng & w'end meals 4-6 gns. 12 mins L'Bridge. FOR. 8242.

BLACKHEATH. Newly converted flat, 8 June-8 Sept. or less. 2 large south rms, kit., share bth one other. Box 4864.

NEWLY dec. b/s. ovlkg Queenswood. Sgl. 70s. Dbl. 84s. Ckg facs. TUD. 0516.

NEAR Baker St Stn overlooking park, sgle furn. rm, £3 10s. PAD. 2028.

SMALL 3-bedroom London house to let 21 July to 1 September, or part. 8 gns per week inclusive. Box 4757.

WELL-appointed bed-sitt.: usual amenities plus service, garden. Prof. household. Very central. £3 3s. Box 4750.

LARGE bed-sit., use k. & b. in prof. couple's private hse, nr river. Charmingly furnished and decorated. Excellent transpt. Suit. prof. woman. 50s. PUT. 5648.

FLAT to let whole of August; fully equipped; sleep 3. NW2; close to Bakerloo. Very reasonable rent. Box 4676.

FURN. flatlet SW1, 2 rms, bathrm, share k. 90s. Girl only. TAT. 8321 aft. 6.

ST JOHN'S Wood. Modern bldg. 1 bedrm, recep. rm, k'ette, bath. Lift C.h., c.h.w. Restaurant. 5½ yrs. Rent £285 p.a. excl. Carpets & curtains for sale. Collins & Collins & Rawlence, Westland House, Curzon St, W1. GRO. 3641.

COMF. furn. smll flat, suit teacher/civil servant. Own entrance, 1 lge rm, kit., bthrm, separate meters. Borders Dulwich/For. Hill. Gd train serv. Char. 2/City. 3½ gns p.w. in adv. FOO. 2561 aft. 7.

ARTS grad. (m.) reqs another share flat Highgate, nr tube. Own bedrm. Box 4876.

WANTED: 2 girls over 21 share large s/c. ground floor flat Highgate. Phone, frig., garden. MOU. 2285 after 6.30.

GOLDERS Green. Divan-room, cooking facs, h. & c., £3. SPE. 2496.

W1 (close Baker St). Studio bed-sitters plus communal facilities immediately vacant. Furn. or unfurn. Families or single people. Co-operative venture/adventure. (CLA). Box 4699.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

FURN. garden rm overlkg Dart Estuary avail. July-Aug. 2 divan beds £5 weekly. Wise, Dunheved, Kingswear, Dartmouth.

SUFFOLK coast cottage, mod. con. Sleep six. 3-22 July, 9 gns wkly. Box 4745.

CHARMING well-furnished cottage, one mile main rd, Caldbeck, Cumberland. Vacant 14 June-16 July and longer in Autumn. Sitting-room, two bedrooms (2 beds each), share kitchen with owner, indoor sanitation, seven gns p.w. Box 4845.

NEW Forest, lovely country surrndgs; 4 berth caravan to let from 7 gns p.w. Cobbett, Boldrewood Lodge, Lyndhurst.

NR CORNWALL – 10 mins. from sea. All elect. cottage. New conversion; sleeps 3. Sep. entrance, kit., bath, recep., 2 beds. Nr Port Isaac. 8 gns-12 gns accdg period. Avail. 1 June onwds. Box 4674.

SMALL furn. flat (gas, tel.) low rent exch. some daytime child/pet minding, carry, dly reach Lndn. Woldingham 2374.

QUIET Hants vill: sm. thatched cott. Mod. Furn. June-Sept. 4 gns. Box 4831.

W. CORNWALL. 2 caravans only, beautiful secluded sites, fully equipped, gas fires, int. sprung mattresses, 2-berth 4-4½ gns, 4-berth 5-8. Gibbs, Lamorna Cove, Penzance.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

COTSWOLD Village house, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, large garden plentifully stocked vegetables and fruit, to let furnished 19 Aug.-11 Sept. 8 gns a week. Mrs Penning-Rowsell, Yew Trees House, Wootton, Woodstock.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

ANGLO-West Indian couple & child sk reasonable flat, pref. NW3. Box 4866.

YNG cple req. bed-sit., srp. kitchen. £3 10s. BAY. 0114 after 6 p.m.

UNIVERSITY Lecturer, wife, child req. furn./unf. flat autumn. Box 4385.

FLAT share or similar sought by young man; would like sense of humour, some quiet & no restrictions. Box 4812.

WEST African nurse seeks furn. London flatlet, salubrious area. Box 4807.

WANTED July, 3/4 rooms, bath – furnished or partly furnished. Good rent paid. Immediate vicinity Eton Ave., Belsize Park Gdns, NW3. Box 4660.

ACCOM. for musician (f) with kit'ette, Hmpstd. Away dur. day. Box 4761.

SGLE woman early thirties reqs unfurn. rm & kit. Ealing. GRImsdyke 2284.

YNG woman teacher reqs s/c. unfurn. flat within 10 miles Oxford Circus. 40 Old Road East, Gravesend. (ph. 4510).

3 adults & child want flat/cottage nr London. P/time services offered. Box 4730.

WRITER, wife, baby sk quiet cottage/caravan min. 9 mths. Reas. Box 4748.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

JUNE 'Labour Monthly'. Summit and After, R. Palme Dutt; What's This About Korea?, D. N. Pritt, QC; Men of Metal on the Move, Vulcan. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

177,000-plus receive 'Which?', another 177,000-plus have long been 'meaning to join' the Consumers' Association and so also receive 'Which?' every month. 'Which?' reports on goods and services are based on stringent, independent tests. 'Which?' only £1 a year to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, WC1.

'BRIDGE to World Man' by Hugh Callaway (Linden). An alternative to social & intellectual materialism, & the cult of the phoney. 20 pp., 2 pl., 1s. or 50c., from BM/CSU, London, WC1.

NUCLEAR arms industry in Britain and Germany. 'Labour Research', 1s. (1s. 2d. p.f.).

BOON for Bedsitters. Philip Harben's 'Book of the Frying Pan' (Bodley Head 9s 6d.), tells you how to cook anything (even a sponge cake) on a gas-ring.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

S/H. books, records, posted. List sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

QUALITY American paperbacks. All subjects. Lists from Dept 2, Trans-Atlantic Book Serv. Ltd, 45 Neal St, WC2.

SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR; we buy books, pamps, jrnls; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

NORTH London people seem to find the second-hand books they want at The Southwood Bookshop, 355 Archway Road, Highgate, N6 (opposite Highgate Underground station). Early closing Thursday.

A. & N. The Army and Navy Stores' Library Service provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms (understatement). Libris, 38A Boundary Rd, NW8.

FOOD AND DRINK

CIDER AND SCINTILLATION

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OPERA AND BALLET

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30 May & 1 June at 7.30 — Elektra
31 May at 7.30 — Il Barbiere di Siviglia (last perf.)

THE ROYAL BALLET

3 June at 7.30 — Les Rendezvous; Giselle
4 June at 2.15 — Le Lac des Cygnes
4 June at 7.30 — Scènes de Ballet; Giselle

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
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SADLER'S WELLS OPERETTA
Offenbach's
ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERWORLD
Evgs 7.30 Mats Sats 2.30
Until 11 June

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tonight at 5 & 8. The Caretaker by Harold Pinter. Mems.

IRVING, Leicester Square. WHI. 8657. Glamour and Girls. 4th yr Cont. Revue. From 2.30. Sun. 4. 6th wk 14th Ed. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30 S. 5. 8.15. Laurence Olivier in Ionesco's 'Rhinoceros'. Produced by Orson Welles. Transferring to Strand Theatre 8 June.

TH. Royal. MAR. 5973. 8.0. S. 5.0. 8.0. 'Ned Kelly', dir. by Joan Littlewood.

TOWER. 10, 11, 12, 16, 17, 18 June, 7.30, Sun. 7.0. 'The Crucible' by Arthur Miller. CAN. 3475 (9-6) & CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Last 3 perfs. The Off-Shore Island. Tu. 31 May-Sun. 5 June inc. Drama in the Making. 7.45. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'The Good Woman of Setzuan' by Bertolt Brecht. 2, 3, 4 June, 2.30 and 7.30. Admission free.

CONCERT

WORLD Refugee Year Fund. On Monday 30 May, the Zemel Choral Society presents a programme of Hebrew and Israeli Songs at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1, (1 min. Holborn Tube Stn). Doors open 7.45, programme 8.15 prompt. Adm. by donation at door – all proceeds to World Refugee Year Fund.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981) Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Immortal Land (U) & Greek Sculpture (U)

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 29 May: Eisenstein's 'Ivan the Terrible' Part 2 – 'The Boyars' Plot' (U). From 30 May: Première of 'Sergei Eisenstein' – Film Biography (U). 'We are the Lambeth Boys' (U).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons Group, today Saturday 28 May, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. Guests 5s. Non-Members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

EXHIBITIONS

KAPLAN Gallery – Henri Nouveau – Paintings. Until 3 June. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Paintings John Brathy. Till 4 June.

RAILLE Gallery, 24 Islington Green, N1. Paintings & Gouaches. Colin Garland. 26 May-18 June.

KENSINGTON Gallery. Paintings by Tony Klitz. The London Scene. From 23 May to 4 June. Open 10-6. At 130 Kensington High St, W8.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

SICKERT. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 19 June. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Morris Louis Paintings. Until 4 June. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

MOLTON Gallery, 44 South Molton St, W1. E. R. Nele: Sculpture. Until 18 June. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. French Paintings & Drawings of the 19th & 20th Centuries. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.)

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Pl., Marble Arch, W2. Kosice, constructions and hydraulic sculpture. Till 30 May, 10-6.

TOOTHS: Opening 31 May, 'Elements Botaniques', (August to December 1959), by Jean Dubuffet. Daily 9.30-6. Sats 9.30-1. 31 Bruton Street, W1.

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1 PAD 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House). New and old paintings from China, reproductions, antique pottery, etc. 10-7, ex Thurs., Sun.

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography. 12-9 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Chabrillan. Paintings. Paysages Imaginaires Chenard. Recent Gouaches. 23 May-11 June. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

PAINTINGS by Frost, Gowing, Lanyon, Sutton, are exhibited at Spode House, nr Rugeley, Staffs. from 29 May to 12 June. For further details write to the Warden.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon-Fri., 10-5. Free.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Horace Brodzky, Raymond Hitchcock. Opening 1 June. Daily incl. Sat. 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1.

AUSTRIAN Paintg & Sculpture 1900-1960. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Till 4 June. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admn 1s. 6d.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Roy de Maistre: a retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1917-60. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Paintings and Drawings from Christ Church, Oxford, an Exhibition in aid of the Christ Church United Clubs, Kennington. Admission: 2s 6d. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 11 June. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Dubuffet - Pings, Gouaches, Lithographs. Until . June. Dly 10-5 30, Sats 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

'The BOMB, the SUMMIT – what next?'

Central Hall, Westminster,
Thursday, 2 June, at 7.30 p.m.

Speakers: Earl ATTLEE; Canon John COLLINS; Lord PAKENHAM; I. J. PITMAN, MP; and others.

Admission free.

Reserved seats 2s. 6d. from: Federal Union, 10 Wyndham Place, W1, or Central Hall.

HALDANE Society. Ronald Segal on 'Africa South'. Chair: Lord Chorley. Wed. 1 June, 6.30. Niblett Hall, Temple, EC4.

SHAW Society. Derek G. Hyde on 'Gilbert and S' at the National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1. 27 May. 7 p.m. Admission free this month.

IIWC. Public Lecture. Free. Dr Hugh J. Schonfield, 'Dead Sea Scrolls'. 8.30 Fri. 3 June. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

AFTER THE SUMMIT – WHAT?

Workers' Educational Association, London District and United Nations Association Saturday School on Disarmament, 28 May 1960, 2.15 to 6 p.m. Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, WC1. P. J. NOEL-BAKER, MP, and HEDLEY BULL, BA. Questions and discussion. Tickets at door – 2s. 6d. including tea.

LONDON NLR CLUB

Monday 30 May, 7.30 for 8 p.m.
Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Sq. (Warren St Station)

A Debate on Defence and Foreign Policy between JOHN STRACHEY, MP, and STUART HALL.

Members 1s. 6d. Non-members 2s. 6d.

THE SPECTATOR AND ISRAEL

Dr H. Edelston (Leeds) presides

OPEN FORUM DISCUSSION

Monday, 30 May, 8 p.m.

41 Dunstan Rd, NW11. (Boardroom) (buses 2, 13, 28, Trolleys 645, 660)

Opener: Mr M. R. GERSHLICK (Westcliff-on-Sea)

Adm. 1s. incl. refreshments
All welcome

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THE SECOND JONATHAN DAVIS MEMORIAL LECTURE

King Alfred School, North End Rd, NW11 on 31 May 1960 at 8 p.m.

JAMES BLADES:
'THE HISTORY, DEVELOPMENT AND PRESENT-DAY USE OF ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS OF PERCUSSION'

Admission free

31 MAY is UNION DAY but
26 JUNE is SOUTH AFRICA FREEDOM DAY

Rally Central Hall, Westminster, Monday, 27 June, 7.15.

Details:
ANTI-APARTHEID MOVEMENT, 200 Gower Street, NW1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Bob Edwards, MP, on 'Franco Spain'. Wed. 1 June, 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Art. Morris Louis: a discussion on the paintings currently exhibited in the ICA Gallery. Speakers will include William Turnbull, Roger Coleman and Peter Coviello. Thurs. 2 June, 8.15. Adm. 3s., members 1s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 27 May, 8 p.m. Nathalie Vetchor, mezzo-soprano (Paris): Recital: Medtner, Moussorgsky, Rachmaninov, Stravinsky, etc. Fri. 3 June, 8 p.m. Serge Lifar: 'Diaghilev'.

BRITISH-Yugoslav Society. 'Tito – Then & Now'. Talk by Alfred L. Blake, MC, LL.B, 31 May, 6.30 p.m., Ivanhoe Hotel, Bloomsbury St, WC1. Non-mems welcome. Partics of Society from Hon. Sec., 6 Den Close, Beckenham, Kent.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture Wed. 1 June, 6.30: 'The Buddhism of Tibet'. The Lama Anagarika Govinda. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information: TAT. 1313.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1 BEL 3351.

BROTHERHOOD & Spirituality'. Public lecture, 29 May, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Lecture by Luis Burgos Boezo on 'Funciones de la organización sindical española' on 2 June at 6 p.m.

NEW Jewish Society. Wednesday, 1 June – No Meeting.

THE West London Ethical Society, 53 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 29 May, 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'The Abuse of Love': H. J. Blackham.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 29 May. Donald G. MacRae, MA. 'The Social Functions of Religion Today'. Write for free 'Monthly Record'.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

FAMILY Courses in August – Residential. Parents in Manor; children 7-13 in organised camp alongside. 30 July/5 Aug. Psychology and your life; 6/12 Aug. Homes and Houses. Cost per week: adults 7 gns, children £5. Write to The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr Devizes, Wilts.

SUMMER SCHOOLS contd on p.807

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